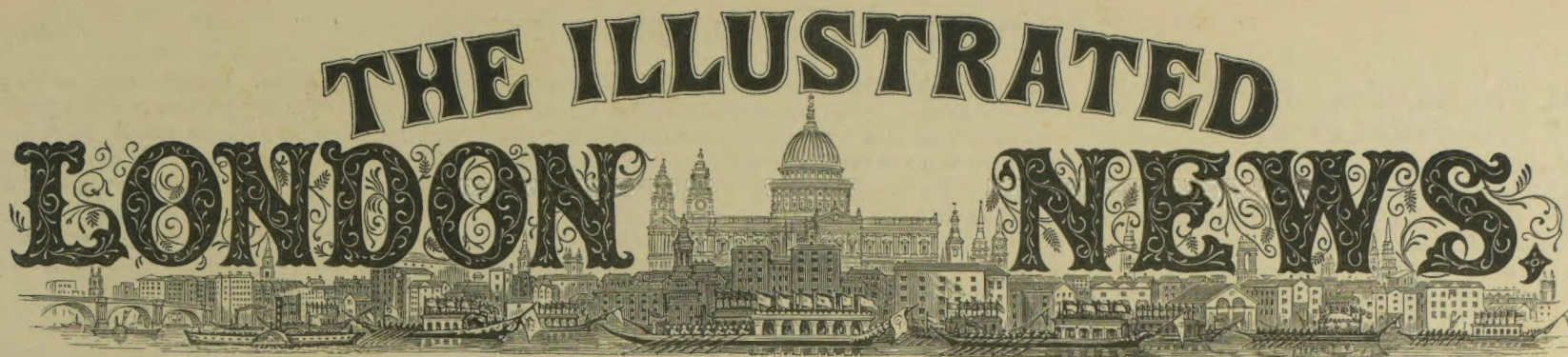


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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PROPOSED SITE OF THE NEW MONUMENTAL CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A French advocate has been "called out" for exceeding professional license in a speech in court. It is not a good remedy for a crying evil, but the matter is full of difficulties to which only "a strong judge" can put an end, and all judges are not strong, or at least not so strong as the offending counsel. In England a barrister who knows his judge and has no scruples can say almost anything. Nevertheless, this has sometimes been resented; on one occasion, if we are to believe Mr. Croake James's account of the matter, even by a Quaker. When Mr. Henley, afterwards Lord Chancellor Northington, went the western circuit he very roughly browbeat a Mr. Reeve, a Quaker merchant. This gentleman called the next morning on the barrister at his Inn, was shown to his room, and locked the door. "Friend Henley—though friend I should not call thee, for thou hast used me most scurrilously," he said—"thou mightest think, perhaps, that a Quaker may be insulted with impunity; but I am a man of spirit, and mean to have satisfaction. Here are swords, and here are pistols, or, if you prefer it, I will fight you with fisticuffs." Mr. Henley pleaded that he had only used language necessary for his client; that barristers did say things beyond the truth perhaps, but which were always discounted; and that upon his word and honour he had never intended any offence: if he had undesignedly offended he was prepared to apologise. "Very good," said the Quaker, "but it must be in public, like the affront; therefore must you beg my pardon before the company in the next room." To this, with much difficulty, the counsel consented, and so not only was there no blood spilt, but a great friendship sprang up between the two men. On Lord Northington's elevation to the woolsack, he sent Mr. Reeve—who was, I should think, what is called a "wet" Quaker—two pipes of Madeira. Serjeant Davy, at his inn at Dorchester, was similarly tackled for using calumnious language. His enemy walked from room to room till he found him, in bed. He announced that he had come for satisfaction, and not for an apology—which, indeed, knowing the license that barristers gave themselves, he did not expect. "Well," said the Serjeant, "you surely don't mean to fall upon an unarmed and naked man?" "Certainly not; the business must be conducted as between gentlemen." "Very good," returned Davy, who had no little humour; "then as you have given me your word of honour not to attack me in bed, I give you mine that I will not get out of bed till you are gone out of town and I am in no danger of seeing you again."

In the exploitation of authors, as in so many other enterprises of the same kind, America is far ahead of the old country. In England we have some remarkable syndicates, not run entirely in the interests of the writers who supply their serials; but in the Far West there are institutions which far surpass them for enterprise, and perhaps one may add, audacity. The *Critic* of a recent date introduces us to one of them. It is called a "Press Bureau," and undertakes to bring the efforts of ambitious writers "prominently before the leading newspapers of four countries." This is a novelty indeed, for America and Great Britain, with her colonies, have been hitherto as large a public as authors who write in English can hope for. No author is allowed to flood this bureau to a greater extent than twenty contributions a year, for an entrance-fee of ten dollars; but extra manuscripts can be taken in at the rate of two shillings a-piece. In payment for its services in "placing" them it also demands 20 per cent on the profits. It is a satisfaction to reflect that this last exaction, at all events, is not very likely to be made. But what a promising prospect of fame and fortune is here disclosed!

Our modern system of getting "copy" out of popular authors for nothing, on pretence of supplying an eager public with a list of their favourite books, their favourite pictures, their favourite smells, or what not, is also in America much more widely developed. They do not, indeed, catch so many popular authors, but unknown ones do almost as well and are much more desirous to have their tastes and habits extensively advertised. Here is a literary attraction for any periodical: "Symposium of Authors: How they Mean to Observe Easter Day"—Jane Annie Jones "means to go to church"; William James Smith "intends to spend his Easter with his family," and so on. This is playing rather low down in the matter of authors, but the lower you go the wider is the range for the object in question—gratuitous contribution.

In view of the narrow means which are so generally the lot of unmarried ladies, an insurance office is, we read, about to be instituted for the benefit of spinsters of a certain age; I do not say "old maids," because to associate the enterprise with such a term would be to court disaster. The idea is borrowed from a similar institution in Denmark, and the method from our own system of terminable premiums. It is not supposed that very young persons will patronise the society, which, indeed, would seriously imperil their chances of matrimony: it would be too like throwing up the sponge before the fight; but towards the end of their third decade it is probable that a good many might not indeed despair of getting a husband, but think

it well worth their while to "hedge." At forty, if still unmarried, it is proposed that they should be entitled to some sum "varying in amount according to the premiums paid and the date of entry." It will be interesting to note the effect of these novel financial arrangements upon the marriage market; for side by side with the growing desire to capture a consort as the chance of doing so becomes less and less will be the reflection that their celibacy has become more and more valuable to them. At thirty-nine they will be giving up a certainty for what is confessedly but a lottery. This will be a proof, of course, of great disinterestedness on the lady's part, but also on that of the possible suitor. By the articles of agreement not only will she forfeit by marriage all the advantages she would have derived from her insurance, but if after receiving the reward of her long celibacy she should fall a victim to Cupid's tardy dart, she will have to refund the money to the society. This seems to be a serious objection to an otherwise very promising scheme. It is very difficult, says the proverb, to get butter out of a dog's mouth, but much more so to get anybody to refund what has once been made over to them. "Vivat Regina. No money returned," is a motto quite as applicable to real life as to dramatic performances. Moreover, some husbands—and especially those who marry ladies of an advanced age—have a faculty for getting through the property of their wives with a celerity popularly ascribed to that of ejaculating "Jack Robinson." The fact of an insurance company having a lien upon it would not enter into their minds if they were not lawyers, and would probably be disregarded if they were. If, on the other hand, the husbands were conscientious—that is to say, afraid of the consequences of such a proceeding—there would be a temptation to duplicity. When Fellows of Colleges were forbidden to marry, they often did so under the rose, and drew their emoluments as if they were single. When a Royal Commission was formed to investigate the matter at a certain college, it was agreed that out of respect to his high position the head of it should not be interrogated; and this delicacy wrecked the inquiry; for when each of the Fellows was put upon his oath, all they could be got to swear was that "they were no more married than the Master"—which was quite true.

Unlooked-for things have been found in unlikely places, but there has probably been no discovery more remarkable than that of Balzac's dressing-gown in the possession of the King of Dahomey. Monarchs are rarely literary, and his dusky Majesty, one would think, was the very last of them to have set much value upon the personal relic of a novelist, however distinguished. Nevertheless, the French found it in the royal apartment at Abomey. There were some ingenious theories founded upon this circumstance. One of the Amazons, it was thought, might have been a novel-reader, and had sent to Paris to secure the interesting memento; and on the affair coming to the knowledge of her sovereign, had hastened to say she had purchased it for his own shoulders. For, indeed, he always wore it upon State occasions. It was not a dressing-gown such as literary persons in this country are wont to wear (of second-class flannel worn at the edges), but of purple velvet embroidered with gold. As a matter of fact, it had been given to Balzac by some of his admirers, and after his death had been bought by a dealer in curiosities, who had placed it, with other showy articles, on the West African market. It is sad to think how a plain tale will "put down"—that is, destroy—the materials of a fine romance.

Monarchs, as a rule, find visiting an expensive amusement. They have to give gold snuff-boxes and diamond scarf-pins to everybody that makes himself useful to them, from the railway manager who receives them to the chamberlain who bows them away. As far as what the vulgar call "exes" are concerned, they might just as well stop at home: there is no economy in staying with friends from Saturday to Monday if you must give their butler a "five." The Khedive of Egypt, however, seems to be in an exceptionally favourable position for visiting purposes. He doesn't waste gold and diamonds in this manner, having an endless store of another sort of commodity, equally highly thought of in some circles, which he dispenses in a princely manner. As a remembrance of his stay at Lancy, near Geneva, he has sent off to seven members of the Council who entertained him a mummy a-piece; he could have accommodated them just as easily had they been seventy. Let us hope they were all Egyptologists and antiquaries, and were pleased. Otherwise, upon a very large box arriving by railway, "With his Highness the Khedive's compliments" on it, one can imagine expectations to have been aroused in some minds which a human body even four thousand years old would have failed to satisfy. There is some redeeming point, we are told, about everybody, and perhaps the Khedive is a humorist; but it is not everybody that can make jokes which cost him nothing.

Before these lines meet the eye of the reader the causes of the catastrophe in Greenwich Park will doubtless have been explained, but, notwithstanding the statements of the inefficiency of the bomb for such a purpose, I cannot but think it was the Observatory which was the object of

Bourdin's expedition. He had money in his pocket given him probably for the performance of a particular action, and, for minds of a certain calibre, the destruction of the Observatory would have all the relish of a national insult. Perhaps he might have been only "going for" the linear measures set up on the wall. He may have fondly hoped if these could be destroyed that a *bourgeois* nation would have been nonplussed, and obliged for the future to sell their cotton goods by the pint.

There is a story in *Temple Bar* respecting the reading aloud of "Maud" by the author, which is not only interesting in itself, but contains some undesigned elements of humour. It has fallen to the lot of that poem to kindle unexpected mirth: nothing could be apter, though a little gruff, than the quotation used by a well-known critic when asked his opinion on its merits—"I hate the dreadful holloa"; and we all know what trouble one gentleman got into by being suddenly asked by the author, at a private reading of "Birds in the high hall garden," what sort of birds he supposed they were. From the words, "When twilight is falling," he rashly conjectured them to be nightingales, and said so, with the most deplorable results. In the present case, Tennyson was asked to read the poem in a large country house full of company. All professed eagerness to hear it, except Carlyle, who bluntly declared he would not stand being read aloud to by anybody, and the difficulty was to get him out of the way. Professor Goldwin Smith volunteered, however, to take him out for a walk, and so they got rid of him. The narrator of the story makes quite a hero out of the Professor; and, indeed, a solitary walk with the philosopher of Chelsea may well have seemed a little too much of a good thing; still, to some undisciplined minds, one can imagine the alternative to have been a choice of evils. Sufficient data for a decision—such as, Was the poem to last longer than the walk, or vice versa?—have not been supplied.

The notion of conversation classes alluded to in my last "Notes," has, it seems, been anticipated by Professor Garner; only, instead of their being "smart" people in want of ideas, he has been dealing with what some scientific persons conceive to have been their progenitors, baboons and gorillas. It cannot be said that he found them very eloquent, but monkeys have a reputation for great sagacity, and the same discretion that has been thought to restrain their genius—the fear of being set to work—may have been also the cause of their reticence. If, indeed, they discovered that the Professor was using a phonograph, their behaviour is explicable at once. It is not a very delicate proceeding to take down the conversation of one's companions, as it were, in indelible ink. How should we like it, if a visitor thus set down for reproduction our own observations? Some of them would not well stand transplanting. Conceive a phonograph that has been left in the dining-room being taken upstairs to amuse the ladies, with a "gentleman's story" in it! It is fair to the gorillas to say that no narrative of this nature seems to have been communicated to the Professor. He had other experiences that showed a divergence from conversational humanity; for example, he found a lady gorilla "too astonished to speak." This seems incredible, but it must be remembered that she came upon him in the middle of a forest shut up in an iron cage—a spectacle which, to say the least of it, must have been unexpected.

The discoveries of medical science are endless, and grow more extraordinary every day; but generally they have been of a pessimistic character, and tend to show that everything that used to be thought innocuous is full of microbes. Meat and drink are, of course, deadly; but even the air we breathe and the water we drink are also impregnated, and there seems no refuge from poison till we are churchyard mould, when we immediately begin to poison other people. Under these circumstances, it is extremely gratifying to have something to set against them in the discovery made—or rather, revived, for it is an old story—by a medical correspondent of the *Globe* that what we have long believed to be poisonous is wholesome and even curative. Perhaps it is only what might have been expected—the swing of the pendulum—but it does seem to turn things a little topsy-turvy. However, it now appears that there is nothing like a bee's sting for dropsy and inflammation. It had always some connection with the latter, we know, but not as a remedy; now it cures it. Hopes are entertained that the virus of other insects and of reptiles may in time be added to the pharmacopœia, but, at all events (unless, indeed, it is only in the discoverer's bonnet), we have got the healing bee (M.B.). Doctors in large practice will doubtless keep hives of them, but when on their professional visits half a dozen in a bottle (as they used to bring leeches) will probably suffice. "What a frightful buzzing there is in my ears this morning!" the dropsical one may say. "I suppose it's the water rising." "Not a bit of it—it's only my bees," will be the cheerful reply. The sting is also recommended, it seems, "as a stimulus to exertion." I suppose the patient is lured out of bed, and then the bees are let out. But for this—if a layman may venture an opinion—I should think wasps would be even better, or, best of all, a hornet.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## PROPOSED ADDITION TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Every Englishman ought to feel, as the late Dean Stanley felt, of which there are touching reminiscences in his biography lately published, a national interest in Westminster Abbey. No person of instructed taste or knowledge will deny that its architectural beauty in the nave, aisles, and transepts is deplorably interfered with by the number of incongruous monuments, statues, and groups of sculpture. These cannot be removed, but there ought to be no more of them; and since the Royal Commission of 1891 reported that there is no space left within the church it has been proposed to build a monumental chapel, the best site for which is on a piece of ground adjacent to "Poets' Corner," the south transept, removing several of the mean houses in Old Palace Yard, and opening a view of the Chapter-house, with which the new monumental chapel should form an harmonious architectural group. Mr. H. Yates Thompson, in a letter to the Right Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre, First Commissioner of Works, has generously offered £38,000 for the partial construction of this chapel, as designed by Mr. Pearson, the official architect. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's reply is favourable, but the matter is to be considered by the Government and by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. A scheme for the removal of the houses in Old Palace Yard, with the assent of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners as ground landlords, will be laid before Parliament next Session.

## SEVERE FIGHTING ON THE GAMBIA.

A disaster has been encountered, on the West Coast of Africa, by a British naval brigade landing in the river Gambia and engaging in hostilities with Fodi Silah, a slave-trading and raiding negro chief in the Combo territory, immediately south of Bathurst, the seat of the Colonial Government. On Thursday, Feb. 22, a force of two hundred officers, seamen, and marines, from H.M.S. Raleigh, flag-ship, H.M.S. Widgeon, and H.M.S. Magpie, under Captain E. H. Gamble, R.N., commanding the Raleigh, landed at Mandina Creek to advance on Birkama, one of the strongholds of Fodi Silah, only four miles beyond the colonial frontier. They were acting in co-operation with another force, consisting of one hundred men, half Royal Marines, half soldiers of 1st West India (negro) Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Corbet, accompanied by Rear-Admiral F. G. D. Bedford and Mr. Llewellyn, the Administrator of the Gambia, marching from another direction, but not forming a junction with Captain Gamble. The party under Captain Gamble had captured and destroyed the stockaded villages of Kembujeh and Mandina, and were returning next day to the Kembujeh creek to re-embark, when they were surprised by an ambush. They endeavoured to make a stand, but the destructive fire poured in from all sides compelled them to retreat to the boats, leaving a field-piece and 6000 rounds of ammunition, which fell into the hands of the enemy. The casualties on the British side were very heavy—three officers and ten rank and file killed, and four officers, one midshipman, and forty-seven wounded. The officers killed are Lieutenant W. H. Arnold, first lieutenant of the Raleigh; Lieutenant Francis W. A. Hervey, Royal Marines; Sub-Lieutenant Francis W. T. Meister, of the Magpie; while Lieutenant the Hon. Robert Francis Boyle, brother of the Earl of Shannon, is dangerously wounded; Lieutenant Herbert John Savill, seriously wounded; Captain E. H. Gamble, Fleet-Surgeon W. R. White, Midshipman A. R. Chambers, and Mr. T. Berridge, gunner, all of the Raleigh, are slightly wounded. Reinforcements have been sent to Bathurst from the West India Regiment at Sierra Leone, and from several vessels of the West Africa Squadron.

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND PRINCE BISMARCK.

His Majesty the Emperor William on Feb. 19 left Berlin for Wilhelmshaven, to inspect the German naval establishments. He stopped three hours on his way, at Friedrichshagen, in Lauenburg, to visit the illustrious ex-Chancellor of the Empire, with whom he is now happily

reconciled. Arriving at six o'clock, with a suite of seven persons, the Emperor, wearing a naval uniform and cap, taking off his cloak, alighted from his saloon carriage and hurried to meet Prince Bismarck, whose hands he grasped in both his own. They proceeded to the castle, cheered by crowds along the road. The Emperor was welcomed at the entrance by Princess Bismarck, to whom his Majesty offered his arm, and entered the drawing-room. Immediately afterwards, dinner was served for a party of twelve. Neither Count Herbert nor Count William Bismarck was present. The Emperor sat between Prince Bismarck and the Princess. All engaged in lively and cordial conversation; the ex-Chancellor and the Emperor smoked. At nine o'clock the Emperor rose, and was accompanied by the Prince to the railway station. Here they took leave of one another. After the Emperor had entered the saloon carriage, he remained standing at the open window and repeatedly waved his hand to Prince Bismarck, until the train started.

## THE WATERLOO CUP.

The contests for the Waterloo Cup, Purse, and Plate at the Altcar Coursing Meeting, continued in a series of rounds on Thursday, Feb. 22, at Hill House, on Friday at Lydiat, and on Saturday, Feb. 24, on which last day, in the fifth round, Sir William Ingram's dog, Ivan the Great, was beaten by Count S. A. Strogonoff's Texture, and in the deciding round, Texture beat Falconer, owned by Captain Ellis (Mr. M. Fletcher),



MR. LLEWELLYN AND SENEGAMBIAN CHIEFS ON THE STEPS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BATHURST, RIVER GAMBIA, WEST AFRICA.

thereby winning the Cup. Count Strogonoff, a well-known Russian amateur of this sport, was heartily congratulated. Texture is a bitch greyhound of some previous distinction, having been one of the last eight in 1892 and of the last four in 1893. She was purchased by Count Strogonoff in January, and was trained for this performance.

## "WAPPING OLD STAIRS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"Wapping Old Stairs," the comic opera produced last month at the Vaudeville, deserves all the praise it has received. Messrs. Stuart Robertson and Howard Talbot have been fortunate in many respects. They are young and unknown men, yet their piece has been received with open arms. The main idea of the plot is said to have been derived from a legend of Wapping related in Maitland's "London" (published 1775), but in reality the author makes very little use of this. The hero, Mark Mainstay, is under the influence of a potent drug which creates in him the hallucination that he has committed a terrible crime. It has been administered by his rival, Captain Crook, who hopes, by forcing him to remain in concealment, to supplant him in the affections of his sweetheart, Nancy Joy. Mark, however, returns among his Wapping friends disguised as a quack doctor, and duly observes the proceedings of his enemy, who has meanwhile found a confederate in Mark's wealthy uncle, Sir Wormwood Scrubbs. The second act turns on the machinations of this precious pair, but, inasmuch as Nancy remains true to her lover, the discovery of the conspiracy is only a matter of time; and, while the captain gracefully "goes off," the baronet is compelled, much against his will, to wed a novelette-reading maidservant at the Old Ship. The two

characters last mentioned are the best played in the piece. Mr. Herbert Sparling has something of the style of the late Fred Leslie, and his humour is not in the least forced. Miss Jessie Bond is delightful as the ambitious damsel at the inn, and makes much of a comparatively small part. Miss Mary Turner and Mr. Courtice Pounds give good effect to the sentimental music allotted to Nancy and her lover, and Mr. Henry Bouchier, as Captain Crook, proves himself talented both as a vocalist and actor. But the brightest music and the best singing are heard from the lips of Mr. Richard Temple and Mr. Avon Saxon as the two jolly tars; while with these two clever artists may be associated Miss Hannah Jones, the Wapping landlady, whose song about the "Spae-wife" fairly haunts the ear. The choruses and dances are excellent, and the mounting is quite adequate.

## FOX-HUNTING IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

Rome is not exactly "the Niobe of nations" in these days; and if it was called, by Madame de Staël, with more wit and less romantic imagination, "a ruin in two storeys," the ancient nether structures, those of the Empire and the Papacy, are now overlaid by that of a modern European capital city, rather of the nineteenth-century French cut, which does not harmonise with the Coliseum. The manners and habits of the Italian metropolis, and especially of its foreign visitors, are by no means classical in fashion. English winter residents, some years ago, introduced a pack of foxhounds on the Campagna; and some Roman gentlemen, instead of lounging in their carriages, as their fathers did, ride out to such meetings along the Appian Way.

## BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC

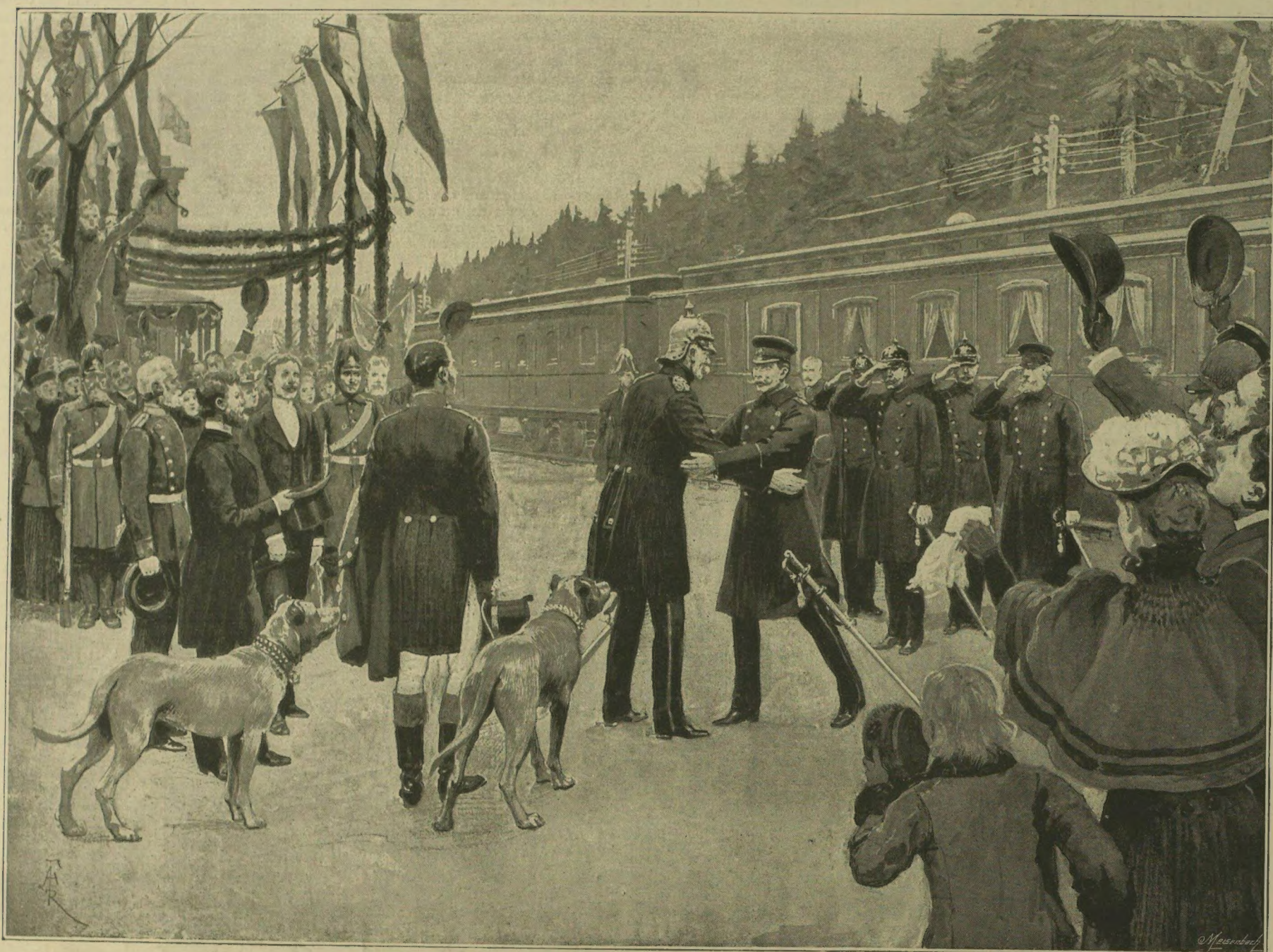
Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on Saturday, Feb. 24, were present at the opening of the new Polytechnic Institute in Battersea Park Road. It has been erected, like the one in Borough Road, Southwark, and the other at New Cross, by the South London Polytechnics Committee, allied with the London County Council, the Charity Commissioners, the City Parochial Charities, and the London School Board; Mr. Edwin Tate giving £10,000, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrison £10,000, and the late Mr. Guesdon £20,000. The building, which has cost £50,000 or £60,000, was commenced in July 1891, when the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone. It was designed by the architect, Mr. E. W. Mountford, in the Renaissance style, and has been constructed of

Suffolk bricks and Bath stone by Mr. Holloway. It consists of two parallel blocks, on the south and north sides, with shorter blocks at right angles, at the sides and in the centre, forming two inner quadrangles. The main front is ornamented with ten statues, representing Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Engraving, Music, Poetry, Chemistry, Electricity, Mathematics, and Engineering. The entrance-hall is decorated with polished marble and other materials. It is proposed to add a great hall when there are funds. The building comprises lecture-halls, class-rooms, workshops for various trades, physical and chemical laboratories, art rooms, and photographic rooms; it will accommodate 1450 students. They are instructed in science and art, carpentry, wood-carving and metal-chasing, technology, mechanics and engineering, pattern-making, and various useful crafts, besides the usual branches of English school-teaching and commercial book-keeping. There are special classes for women. Two gymnasia are provided, and there is to be a swimming-bath.

## THE EL AZHAR AT CAIRO.

We need not repeat such descriptions or historical accounts of the famous city of the Caliphs, of the Mamelukes, of the Pashas and Khedives, as have already been attempted. They are merely incidental features of its medley architecture and its motley population which remain to be depicted, especially in the Mohammedan quarters, which preserve their Oriental character, with their crowded bazaars and narrow streets, and their dilapidated, stately mosques; the most conspicuous of these have been shown in our artists' drawings. The great Moslem Theological University of El Azhar is one of the most important institutions of Cairo.





VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PRINCE BISMARCK: ARRIVAL AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.



THE WATERLOO CUP: COURSING AT LYDIAT (SECOND DAY).

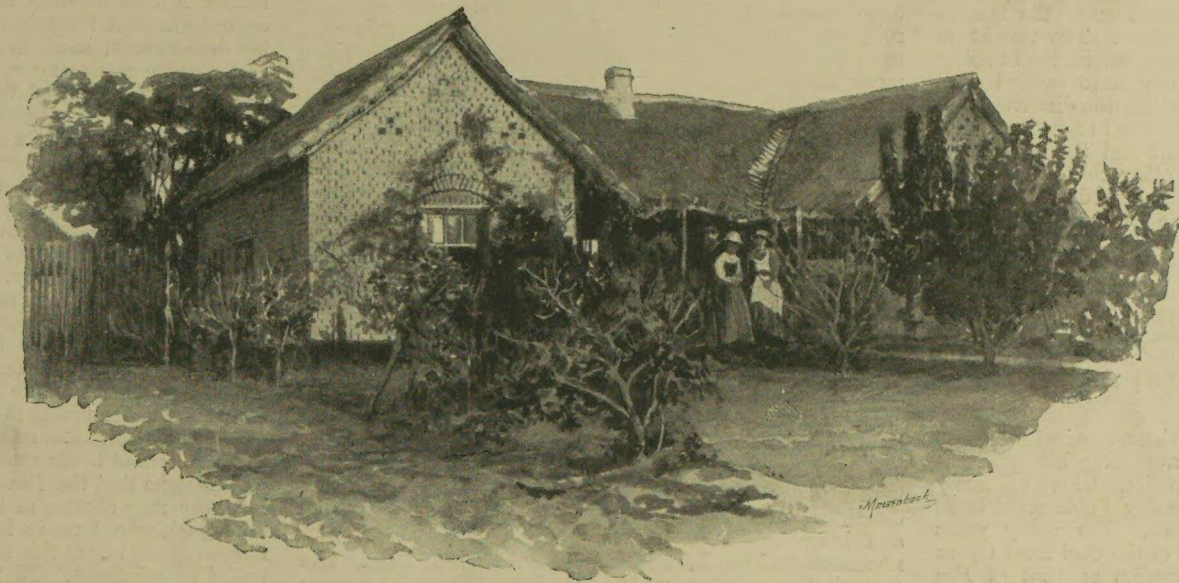


## MASHONALAND AND MANICALAND.

The late Matabili War, of which it may be useful to recapitulate the preceding circumstances, was occasioned by the cruel attacks of Matabili warriors on the Mashona and Makalaka tribes under the protection of the British South Africa Company, to the east of Matabililand. That Company's operations in Mashonaland were based upon an agreement made at Buluwayo, on Feb. 11, 1888, by the Matabili King, Lo Bengula, who claimed that the Mashonas and Makalakas were tributary to his kingdom. It was ratified by the British High Commissioner for South Africa on April 25 of the same year. Then came the royal charter granted on Oct. 29, 1889, authorising the Company to govern and protect such territories and natives as might be obtained, by concessions, agreements, grants, or treaties, within a prescribed region. This region, four times as large as Great Britain, extends from the northern boundary of the Transvaal or South African Republic, and to the north and east of the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland, to the river Zambesi, and eastward to the Portuguese dominions. It includes the countries occupied by the Matabili, Mashona, and Makalaka tribes, in the centre, the northern Bechuanas to

a railway is being constructed, and is already in working order for forty-five miles. This line, which will be extended to Fort Salisbury, the headquarters of the Company in Mashonaland, passes from Chimoio towards Massi Kesse, near the mountains of the Gorongoso range, the highlands of M'Combie's territory, the Manica range, and the

£15 per ton by the road from the Cape to Salisbury. When the railway is finished to Chimoio, and competition in the wagon traffic reduces prices, the cost per ton will probably be about £15. The present carriers are almost all Mashona boys. Each carrier takes a load of from 40 lb. to 50 lb., besides his food and the goods he has bought or has been paid for the journey; the cost of employing them is about 20s. each for the journey. This route of traffic will probably, to some extent, supersede that from Capetown.



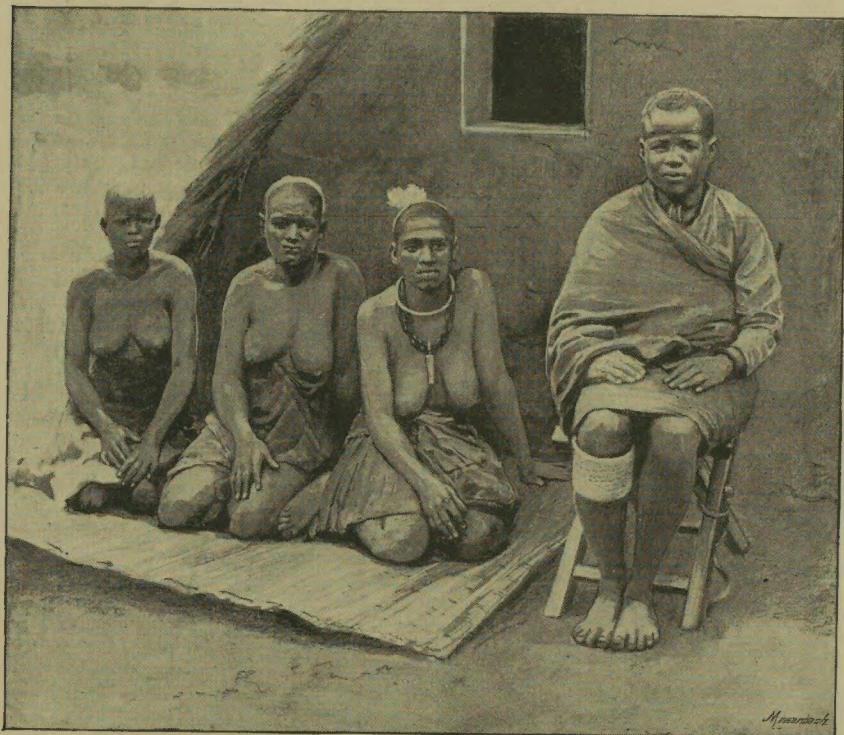
ELLIOTT'S MISSION STATION, IMHLANGENI.

elevated country where Mfonga's and Gomani's kraals are situated. Massi Kesse itself lies in a valley. The country is considered suitable for growing cereals, especially mealies, coffee, tea, and sugar-cane. At present it produces wild coffee, kaffir corn, tobacco, and vegetables of all kinds. Oxen do well, and sheep and goats are the

Socialist principles, and the site chosen for this experiment is in the territory of the British East Africa Company, east of Mount Kenia, and north of the Tana River.

The prices obtained by the old Flemish painters during their lifetime have recently occupied the attention of M. Max Rooses, the Director of the Musée Plantin at Antwerp.

The pioneer party of the German and Austrian "Free-land" Association, projected by Dr. Hertzka to form an agricultural and industrial settlement in the interior of East Africa, sailed from Hamburg on Wednesday, March 1, consisting of twenty or thirty men, well armed, under the leadership of Dr. Julius Wilhelm, with tools, stores, and scientific instruments. It is to be of an international character, with some application of the



USHAMELA, DAUGHTER OF LO BENGULA AND WIFE OF GUMBO.



GIRLS CARRYING BEER TO THE KING.

the west, and the Manica people, towards the eastern boundary. Under an agreement made by Mr. Rudd with Lo Bengula about four years ago, the Company, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, and Dr. Jameson were the managers in South Africa, occupied Mashonaland and Manicaland for gold-mining purposes, making roads and building several forts. The Matabili were in no way molested or deprived of any land or other property, but they have persisted in savage raids, for plunder, kidnapping, and massacre, on the defenceless tribes under British protection; hence the late war, ending in the complete overthrow of the Matabili kingdom. The Mashona and Makalaka people are industrious and peaceable folk, cultivating the soil and willingly accepting the Company's rule. Those of Manicaland, under their chief or king, named Gungunhama, about 120 miles inland from the eastern seacoast, which belongs to the Portuguese, are perfectly friendly, and are beginning to derive advantages from the new Beira route of traffic, for which

ordinary live-stock of the natives; fowls are very numerous. The conveying of merchandise is being done on a fair scale this year by carriers; but it will be greatly developed when the system of railway and wagon transport is organised. This will make the total cost per ton from Beira to Salisbury in the first instance £23 5s., as against

He has discovered that Rubens was paid, in 1611, for his masterpiece "The Descent from the Cross," now one of the glories of the Antwerp Gallery, the sum of 4320f., or £280. His price for the portraits which he painted for Plantin's son-in-law, Balthazar Moreton, was 43f.; while his drawings varied from 14f. 40c. to 36f. each, according to the size.

For Van Dyck's famous portrait of Charles I., now in the Louvre, £100 was paid to the artist; but a century later Madame du Barry, who pretended to be connected with the Stuarts, purchased it for £1000 from the private collection of the Comte de Thiers. Van Dyck received £43 for his "Christ on the Cross," now in the Cathedral of Malines, and about £60 for his "Golgotha." Jordaens received £43 for each of his historical pictures now in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam. "Velvet" Breughel only asked £2 15s. each for his works; Snyder, £13, except when of a very large size; and Thomas Willeboerts, of whose work the "Marriage of St. Catherine," in the Berlin Gallery, is a fine specimen, painted portraits at the rate of £8 a pair.



BALLYHOOLEY HOTEL, BETWEEN FORT SALISBURY AND MANICA.



## PERSONAL.

The political world is in a state of extreme tension in view of the persistent rumours about Mr. Gladstone's resignation. One day this week it was expected that the Prime Minister would make a personal statement in the House of Commons, and as he did not make it there was an assumption that his colleagues had persuaded him to delay his retirement. Meanwhile, discussion about the succession to the leadership of the Liberal party grows apace. The weight of opinion is in favour of Lord Rosebery, despite the hostility which his views about foreign policy have excited in a certain section of the Radicals. He has the disadvantage, from the Liberal point of view, of sitting in the Lords, but his personal authority in Parliament and the country is, perhaps, greater than that of any other colleague of Mr. Gladstone. If Lord Rosebery should succeed to the leadership of the whole party, Sir William Harcourt would lead the House of Commons, a duty for which his Parliamentary experience eminently qualifies him. This speculation remains, however, in the air until Mr. Gladstone's determination is definitely known. Despite the weakening of his eyesight, he is still in possession of extraordinary physical and mental vigour, and his followers would be perfectly happy to see him retain his position for at least another session.

Her Majesty the Queen has written a private letter to the widow of Mr. Aynsley Cook expressing her appreciation of that artist's admirable qualities. There are many playgoers whose recollections of Aynsley Cook must be as sympathetic as those of the Queen. For many years Mr. Cook was one of the mainstays of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and such an impersonation as that of Fra Diavolo will always be gratefully remembered. Aynsley Cook had a genial and robust personality, which impressed itself so strongly on his audiences that they came to feel for him quite an affectionate regard.

Mr. Steele Mackaye, actor and dramatist, who died in America the other day, was at one time considered a player of the highest promise by so experienced a judge as the late Tom Taylor. Many years ago Mr. Mackaye appeared in London as Hamlet, but the result was discouraging. He betook himself to New York, where he was chiefly known by some ingenious devices of stage mechanism. One of these was designed to shorten the waits between the acts by swinging the stage on a pivot, so that the curtain was raised again almost immediately on a scene which had been set while its predecessor was in progress.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, in a lecture to the London Ethical Society, has been giving some wholesome, if rather obvious, advice to authors and journalists. Mr. Stephen is especially concerned about the spiritual state of the journalist. That long-suffering scribe is warned that he ought to learn "something really," that he ought to lead public opinion instead of being subservient to it, and that he ought not to say anonymously what he would not venture to say openly. As to anonymity, Mr. Stephen, who is a fearless philosopher, probably has scant appreciation of the position of a journalist who finds his privacy indispensable to his independence. We cannot all stand like Mr. Stephen, four-square to all the winds that blow, especially those insinuating social zephyrs which assail the journalist whose philosophy is not as stern as that of the author of "An Agnostic's Apology." So it is necessary for some of us to write many things anonymously which we should find it difficult to say over a signature.

Expert evidence at the inquest on the Anarchist Bourdin points to the conclusion that the wretched man first filled the bomb with sulphuric acid, and then carried it in his hand with the intention of attempting the destruction of Greenwich Observatory. This idea was scouted at first, as it seemed inconsistent with any reasonable assumption of Bourdin's motives. Why an Anarchist should want to destroy Greenwich Observatory, except with a vague notion that he might derange civilised institutions by upsetting "Greenwich time," it is impossible to say; but the sheer recklessness, combined with utter ignorance, which distinguishes the Anarchist mind puts any predication of systematic conspiracy for definite objects out of the question.

The late Colonel Addison Potter, C.B., who died a few days ago at Newcastle-on-Tyne, was reputed, by the date of his commission, the oldest Volunteer officer in the United Kingdom. He was an alderman, and had been twice Mayor of Newcastle. He was also chairman of the Newcastle and Gateshead Water Company, chairman of the Watch Committee at Newcastle, and was connected with various public institutions. He was seventy-four years of age, and a prominent Liberal Unionist.



Photo by J. Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
THE LATE COLONEL ADDISON POTTER.

The career of Mr. Arthur Hardinge refutes the theory that your University Don has no aptitude for public affairs. Mr. Hardinge is a Fellow of All Souls at Oxford, he is a fine historical scholar and a great linguist, and now, after ten years' conspicuous service in diplomacy, he has been appointed Consul-General of Zanzibar in succession to Sir Gerald Portal. Mr. Hardinge's previous post was at Cairo, where he acted as Chargé d'Affaires in Lord Cromer's

absence. He is exceedingly popular in the service, and his friends hope that his duties at Zanzibar will not involve expeditions into insalubrious regions.

The tragic death of Madame Patey, which took place at Sheffield on Feb. 28, a few hours after she had been

singing at a farewell concert there, robs us of one of the most distinguished vocalists of the day. Since her appearance in 1866 at the Worcester Festival, her pre-eminence as one of the finest oratorio singers of the century was for many years undisputed. Miss Janet Whytock was the daughter of a Glasgow merchant, and was born in London on May 1, 1842. She first studied singing under Mr. John Wass, afterwards entering the famous choir of Henry Leslie. In 1866 she married Mr. J. G. Patey, a well-known baritone, and achieved her success at Worcester. In 1871 she visited the United States, and in 1874 she sang at the Paris Conservatoire, and was presented with a gold medal in commemoration of her uniquely beautiful rendering of "O rest in the Lord." In the contralto music of "Elijah" she was especially effective; and thousands will recall the thrilling voice, with its deep organ notes, which was at its best in the interpretation of sacred themes. Madame Patey created the contralto parts in many modern works, including Gounod's "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita," and Sir A. Sullivan's "Golden Legend." She had returned from an extended tour through Japan, China, and Australia, and was engaged in her farewell tour in the provinces. She was suddenly seized with faintness, and never recovered consciousness. She was a great singer and a good woman.



Photo by Watery, Regent Street.  
THE LATE MADAME PATEY.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The Parliamentary battledores have played their last game with the Local Government Bill. Having suppressed the greater part of the Lords' amendments, Ministers could afford to make some concessions, especially in deference to pressure from their own side. Practically the only points of difference that remained between the two Houses related to the machinery for the compulsory hiring of land and the trusteeship of parochial charities. For no very intelligible reason the Government at first declined to refer the hiring like the purchase to the County Council. They wanted a direct appeal from the Parish Council to the Local Government Board, and apparently regarded the County Council with distrust in this particular transaction. Then arose a remonstrance from the Radical benches. It began with Mr. Storey, who, as usual, was full of disinterested pathos and Mosaic sublimity. He was followed on this line by Mr. Strachey, Mr. Illingworth, and Mr. Everett. Mr. Channing made a gallant effort to stem the tide of revolt by complaining of County Councils, but this diversion was lost in that fatal buzz of conversation by which the House indicates its aggressive indifference to a speaker. It was Mr. Everett who decided the Treasury bench to make a timely retreat. He had the gratification of seeing both Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt turn round, as if eager to catch his lightest breath and hang on his most trivial word. "Why should not an application for compulsory hiring of allotments be settled by a jury of one's neighbours?" said Mr. Everett to his distinguished auditors. The hint was taken promptly, and the Government graciously consented to allow the County Council to deal with hiring as well as purchase.

Then Mr. Gladstone rose, though not to make the personal statement for which everybody had been on tenterhooks of curiosity. The Prime Minister had something to say about parochial charities, and he said it in three minutes. I do not wonder that Mr. Balfour was rather staggered by this achievement. As a rule, the leader of the Opposition knows that a speech of Mr. Gladstone's would afford him abundant opportunity of traversing details. But what was he to do when the wily veteran, dismissing the merits of the case as exhausted by previous discussion, simply pointed out that the Government were justified in their attitude by the support of the Liberal Unionists in both Houses? This was an argument which Mr. Balfour found quite unsuitable for analysis. The split in the Unionist party over this Bill has indeed been fruitful of heart-burnings; and in the present instance it was made sufficiently disagreeable by Sir William Harcourt's jocular reminder of the Unionist dukes and marquises and earls who had actually voted with the Government in the other House. In the end the Lords' amendment to restrict the elective trusteeship to one-third was defeated, and the Government accepted the suggestion of Mr. Chamberlain that the election of a majority of trustees should be made optional. Mr. Balfour submitted to what he called "a permissive evil," which Lord Cranborne denounced as an outrage on the Church. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, not for the first time, proclaimed this to be one of the most iniquitous Bills ever passed through Parliament; but the Opposition tried no further conclusions with their opponents, and the Local Government Bill departed once more for the "other place" with the smiling assurance of Mr. Fowler that all difficulties were overcome, and that a far-reaching piece of democratic legislation was as good as on the Statute Book.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Mr. Arthur Law between them deserve a public testimonial. They have given the playgoers one of the heartiest laughs they have enjoyed since the days of "The Private Secretary." The fact of the matter is that we were all getting a little off colour and depressed. The theatrical constitution wanted "tone," as the doctors say; so at Terry's Theatre, in the Strand, will be found the necessary tonic. "The New Boy," who comes in the welcome form of Weedon Grossmith, is obviously a recollection of Mr. Anstey's clever "Vice Versa," which was once dramatised and acted by Mr. Edward Rose. The fun of the farce or comedy—call it what you will—turns on the fact that a boyish-looking husband, married—as is so often the case with dapper little men—to an enormous, plump, and good-natured woman, cheerfully consents to pass himself off as his wife's son in order to secure for her a valuable legacy. But this is not all. The miserable little married man is forced to go to school again, to be lectured and snubbed by an old Dominie once his wife's admirer, to be whacked and bullied by a private-school lout in an Eton jacket, to be tossed in a blanket and hunted like a fox round a dormitory, to be compelled under threat to rob an orchard, to be hauled up before the magistrate, and as a last and crushing indignity to be sentenced to six strokes with a birch rod. The sole consolations that the Benedick receives are the proffered love, the rosy cheeks, and the cherry lips of a charming schoolgirl, who, true to human nature, makes the advance instead of the boy at this milk-and-water, bread-and-butter period of existence. To think of Mr. Weedon Grossmith in this piteous predicament is to laugh. To see him is to roar.

The essence of the best farce-acting is to do funny things and say funny things in a perfectly solemn manner. No one knows this better than Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose humour lends itself to this peculiarity and often puzzles those who are absolutely ignorant of humour. I can well recall the time when hundreds were found who could not laugh for the life of them at "Engaged" or "Tom Cobb," the best specimens of humour concealed under mock gravity. A master in this art years ago was Artemus Ward, the American humorist, who delivered at the Egyptian Hall a wildly comic lecture with a face as grave as a judge. I have heard dozens of people coming out of that hall declaring that they could not see a bit of fun in it. I don't know what punishment such people deserve, except the loss of what they fail to enjoy. In Mr. Weedon Grossmith's case, what to me is so delightful is the solemn and sententious tone he adopts when he is arguing with his captors. It is like a man supposed to be mad gravely trying to prove his sanity to the doctor or commissioner. The more he argues the more pathetic is the figure he cuts. For though the rejuvenated husband is to all outward appearances a boy, his man's mind is not concealed. Thus he approaches the old schoolmaster, not to receive a lecture submissively, but to argue out the question on the basis of experience and common-sense. Physically afraid of Bullock Major and the dormitory bullies, still he is ever disposed to reason with his oppressors; and when the pretty schoolgirl makes him such generous advances, the boy is not at all disinclined to accept them, but the man checks his natural impulse by remembering that he has a wife who is very fond of him, and to whom he may be doing a serious injustice. In fact, the impression that Mr. Weedon Grossmith gives to me in face and form is that of pathetic despair. We laugh at him and pity him at the same time. A hungry man deprived of his ordinary sustaining dinner, a thirsty and convivial man condemned to "sky blue," a smoking man cut off his tobacco, a moral man compelled to rob orchards and kiss pretty schoolgirls, a self-respecting man, taxpayer, and doubtless churchwarden, ordered six strokes of the birch by a kindly magistrate—well, these are comical positions, but *quâd* the man, exquisitely pathetic at the same time. But though Mr. Weedon Grossmith, being the New Boy, is the central figure of the composition, it is by no manner of means a one-part play. The bullying boy of Mr. Kennett Douglas and the delightful schoolgirl of Miss May Palfrey are revelations in boy and girl acting. It is difficult to believe that they are not the age that they are represented to be. A better and more natural boy and a sweeter schoolgirl we have never seen on the stage. Mr. Beauchamp and Mr. Beveridge, both sound actors, together with Miss Gladys Homfrey, a capital choice, give the necessary weight to the play; and delightful promise in both plays of the evening is given by Miss Esmé Beringer, who has the true comedy touch. A keen sense of humour is not ever the gift of gentle English girls.

It would be cruel to contrast this capital play, so well conceived and so capably acted, with the resurrected Zola farce called "The Heirs of Rabourdin" that made the patrons of the Independent Theatre Society so sad and, indeed, so cross the other evening. *Cui bono?* I should have thought that Zola would be the last man to wish to be reminded of an old failure. He is not the first critic who has written plays that he may desire to be washed away in the waters of oblivion. Besides, I must candidly own that, for my own part, the humours of the sick-room do not fascinate me at all. It is doubtless a grim and, in a measure, a humorous idea for an old man to pretend to be dead in order to trap a set of fawning and designing relatives; but one would have thought that this idea could be funnily conveyed, without so persistently opening the medicine-cupboard. To force an old man's mouth open and to fling pills into it as if with a catapult, and to force drenchings of nauseous medicine down his poor old gullet, may be very amusing to many, but to me it is simply nasty. However, what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and I conclude the humours of the sick-room, the hospital, and the dead-house appeal to some minds. They do not to mine, and I cannot help it. I venture to think that the revival of Zola's forgotten farce was a mistake in judgment. Is it seriously supposed that any sane assemblage of thinking men and women would prefer this dispensary wit to the good honest fun of "The New Boy" or "Charley's Aunt"? Perish the thought!



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen on Monday, Feb. 26, came from Windsor to London, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, arriving shortly after twelve o'clock, and went to Buckingham Palace. The Queen drove round Hyde Park and Regent's Park in the afternoon.

Her Majesty held the first Drawing-Room of the season at Buckingham Palace, on Tuesday, Feb. 27, and returned to Windsor next day. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the royal family were present at the Drawing-Room.

The Empress Frederick of Germany, on Saturday, Feb. 24, went to visit the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, and returned with them to London on Monday. Her Majesty next day went to Cambridge and visited King's College, St. John's, Trinity, Girton and Newnham, and the Fitzwilliam Museum.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alice of Hesse, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, joined the Queen in London.

The Duke of York on Saturday, Feb. 24, opened the new building of the National Dental Hospital, erected for the institution in Great Portland Street by the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden.

Mr. Arthur Hardinge is appointed Consul-General at Zanzibar, to succeed the late Sir Gerald Portal.

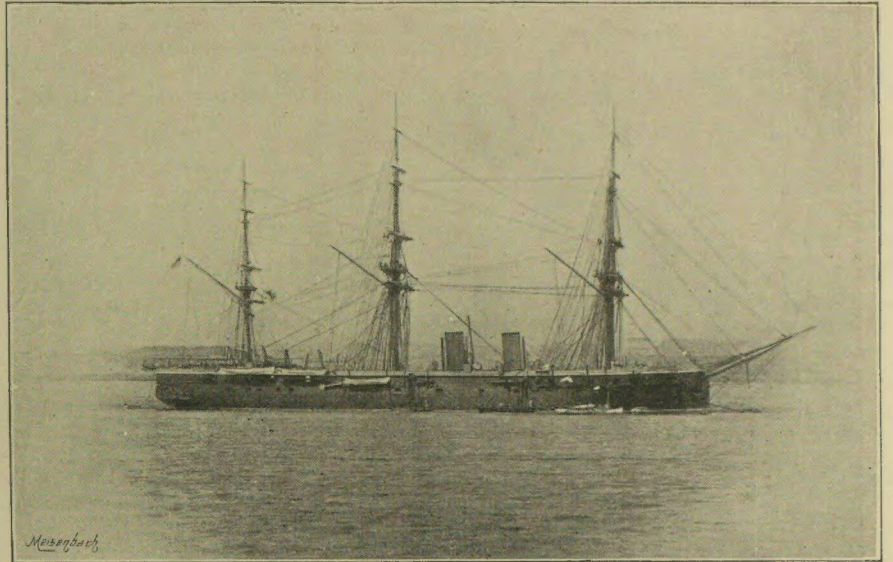
The Duke of Devonshire on Feb. 24 spoke at a distribution of prizes by the Duchess to the successful marksmen of the 2nd Sussex Artillery Volunteers at Eastbourne. He observed that the Volunteer movement originated in 1858, when a set of desperate men were abusing the hospitality of England, hatching plots against the institutions of their own country. A possible consequence might be the development of the same mood of irritation in France at the present time.

The Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress has issued a manifesto denouncing the conduct of the House of Lords with reference to the "contracting-out" clause of the Employers' Liability Bill, and convening,

A singular action for the publication of a libel, brought against the trustees and chief librarian of the British Museum, ended on Feb. 27 in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, before Mr. Baron Pollock. The plaintiff was Mrs. J. Biddulph Martin, of London, formerly Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Victoria Claflin in America, a lady lecturer, author, and editor, widely known as an advocate of "women's rights." A book and a pamphlet on the case of the late Rev. Ward Beecher and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tilton, of New York, containing slanders on the character of this lady, had been placed in the British Museum library, accessible to readers. The jury found that these publications were libellous, but that the British Museum authorities did not know it, and were not guilty of any negligence. Nevertheless, the verdict expressed an opinion that they ought to have known it, and that there was a want of proper care, judgment, and caution. Judgment would be for the plaintiff, damages 20s., subject to an appeal and further argument.

The Paris police continue to make arrests and searches, but no discovery of importance is announced. The bomb found in the Palais de Justice at Boulogne proves to be of the same pattern as those recently discovered in Paris; that it did not explode is attributed to the clumsiness of its construction. Emile Henry has exhibited to the police magistrates the mode in which he made the bombs that killed four persons in 1892 in the Rue des Bons Enfants.

of West Africa is given on another page. The force under Colonel Corbet, on Monday, Feb. 26, was attacked at Sabadje by two thousand of the enemy, who are Mandingos, and after two hours' fighting drove them



H.M.S. RALEIGH, FLAG-SHIP ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

back with heavy loss. On the British side none were killed, but one man of the West India Regiment and two Marines were slightly wounded. Bathurst is considered quite safe from attack. The European inhabitants number fifty or sixty in all.

A monument is to be erected at Göttingen to commemorate the fact that Prince Bismarck was a University student there.

In the island of Mauritius a hurricane has damaged the railway and killed five persons, injuring ten other persons. The crops are not damaged.

The conflict between the Brazilian forts and batteries and the ships of the insurgent faction in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro has been proceeding, with two startling incidents; one of the insurgents' ships, the Venus, blown up; another, the Jupiter, sunk, with the killing of most of their officers and seamen.

The New York State Legislature has passed a Bill for the municipal amalgamation of Brooklyn, on Long Island, with the adjacent city of New York, comprising a joint city population of three millions.

Another fire broke out at the World's Fair buildings, at Chicago, on Feb. 24, and destroyed the agricultural building. It is ascribed to incendiarism.

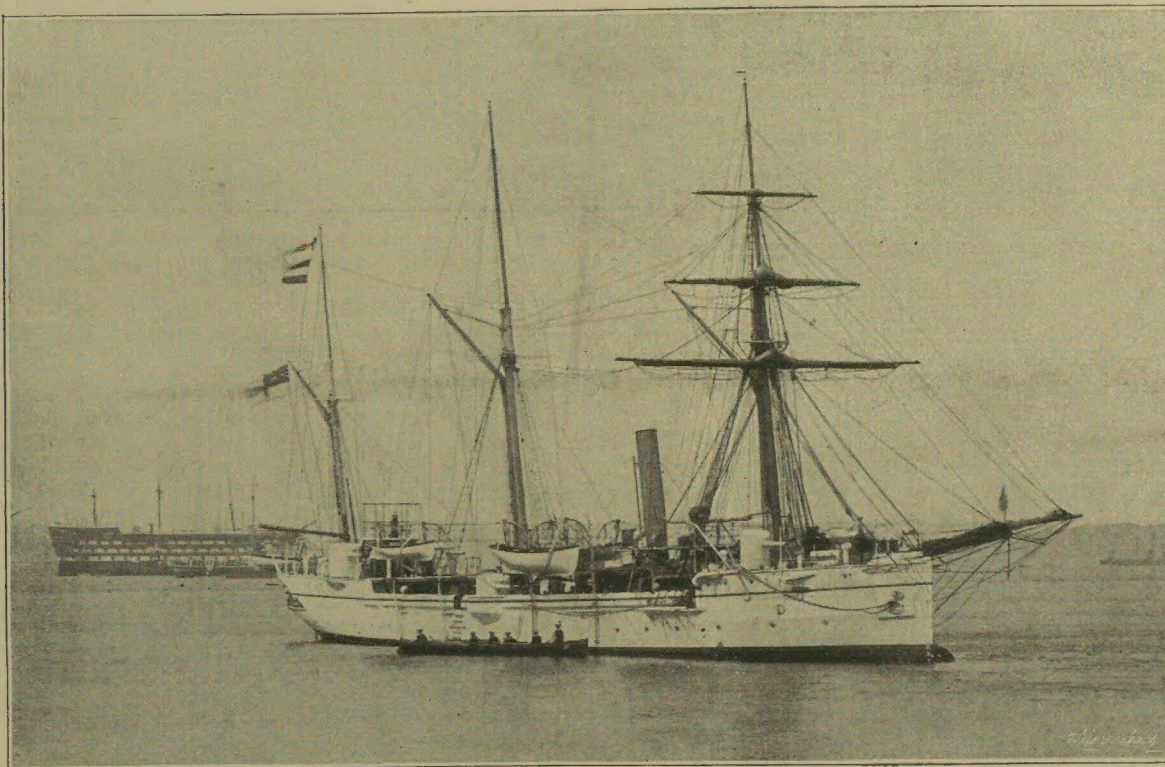
The Russian Government has decided to organise a system of Customs' supervision over the trade of the Transcaspian provinces, Bolhura, and Khiva, with a view to promote the export of Russian goods to those countries; and to close them, either absolutely or by a prohibitory tariff, against merchandise from England or any other European country.

By a boiler explosion at the Andreyoff ironworks, at Alexandrovsk, twenty-five Russian workmen have been killed and ten others badly hurt.

A public meeting at Calcutta on Feb. 26 of influential natives and European residents passed strong resolutions against the Indian Government's policy on the silver currency question, expressing the utmost alarm at the rapid diminution of the purchasing power of the rupee, and the greatly increased taxation made necessary by its lower gold value.

The Technical Commission appointed by the Egyptian Minister of Public Works, consisting of an English, a French, and an Italian engineer, has left Cairo to survey the proposed sites for a dam and irrigation reservoir on the Upper Nile. One site is at Assouan, which would involve submerging the island and temple of Philæ.

The Paris Municipality is asking powers, by a Bill now before the French Chamber of Deputies, to raise a loan of £4,700,000 for the completion of its drainage system and the utilisation of the city sewage.



H.M.S. WIDGEON, ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

for March 17, a National Labour Conference, with a Hyde Park demonstration next day.

The London County Council, from a statement by the chairman of its Finance Committee on Feb. 27, will levy an increased county rate of fourteenpence-halfpenny in the pound; it has raised the salary of its chief engineer to £2000 a year, and resolved to negotiate for the purchase of the water companies. The Council has resolved to take legal opinion about indicting the Grand Junction Canal and Regent's Canal Companies for a public nuisance by the neglect of proper sanitary management of their water in the parish of St. Pancras.

At the annual meeting of the London Reform Union, on the same day, Sir George Trevelyan praised the London County Council as setting a good example to all other public bodies, including the London School Board, the House of Commons, and more especially the House of Lords.

Mr. M. J. Muir Mackenzie has been appointed Recorder of Sandwich, and Mr. Albert Rowland Cluer, Recorder of Deal.

The funeral of the Anarchist Bourdin, killed by the explosion of a bomb he was carrying in Greenwich Park, took place on Friday, Feb. 23, in Finchley Cemetery. No procession was allowed; the route was changed, under police direction, and an Anarchist who attempted to deliver a speech at the grave was promptly suppressed by the police, who had afterwards to protect him from the violence of the crowd. The windows of the Autonomie Club were broken, and a mob in Fitzroy Square indulged in anti-Anarchist manifestations; but no serious disorder occurred. At the coroner's inquest, on Monday, Feb. 26, Colonel Majendie, Chief Inspector of Explosives, gave evidence tending to the opinion that Bourdin applied sulphuric acid to the contents of the bomb, intending to damage the Royal Observatory, but the explosion was too quick for him. As he was carrying the bomb unlawfully, with a felonious intent, the coroner, Mr. J. Carttar, recorded a verdict of "felo de se."

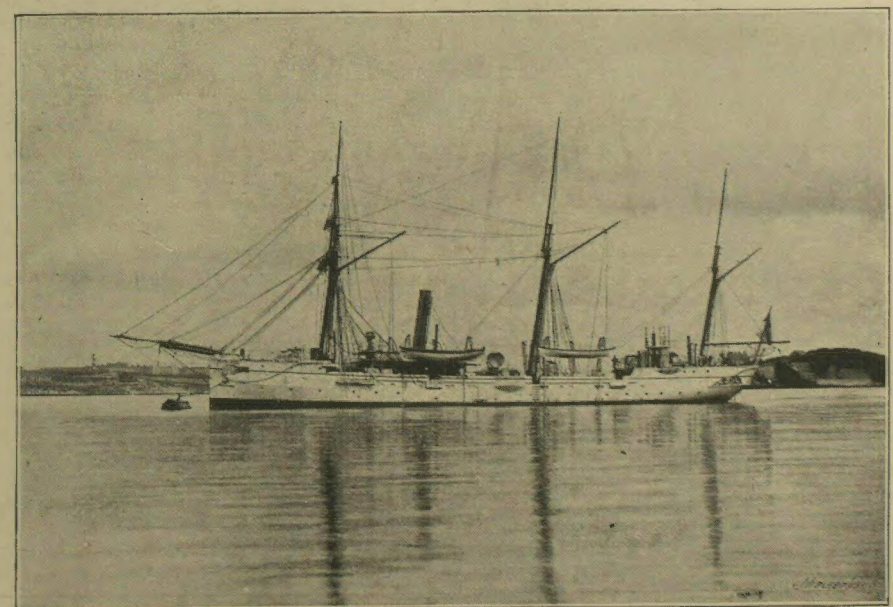
The French Chamber on Feb. 26 received a report from one of its Committees recommending that an inquiry should be held into the circumstances of the election of M. Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy, as a member of the House. M. Lasserre said enough proof of corruption had been produced to enable the Chamber to act at once. He moved that M. Wilson's election should be quashed, and this was agreed to by an almost unanimous vote.

The Emperor of Austria has gone to sojourn at Mentone, travelling by way of Milan and Genoa.

The Governor of the French Soudan telegraphs information that Commander Joffre arrived on Jan. 23 before the village of Niafoumé, which was cannonaded, and a hundred natives killed. There was no loss on the French side. The column continued its march to Timbuctoo.

The Italian Cabinet has proposed that full powers shall be given to it and to a Commission of Senators and Deputies, nominated by Royal Decree, to administer the affairs of the country until January 1895. The newspapers of Rome understand this to mean a suppression of Parliament for the rest of the year, and express the opinion that the country will not sanction such a scheme.

Some account of the fighting in the Gambia territory

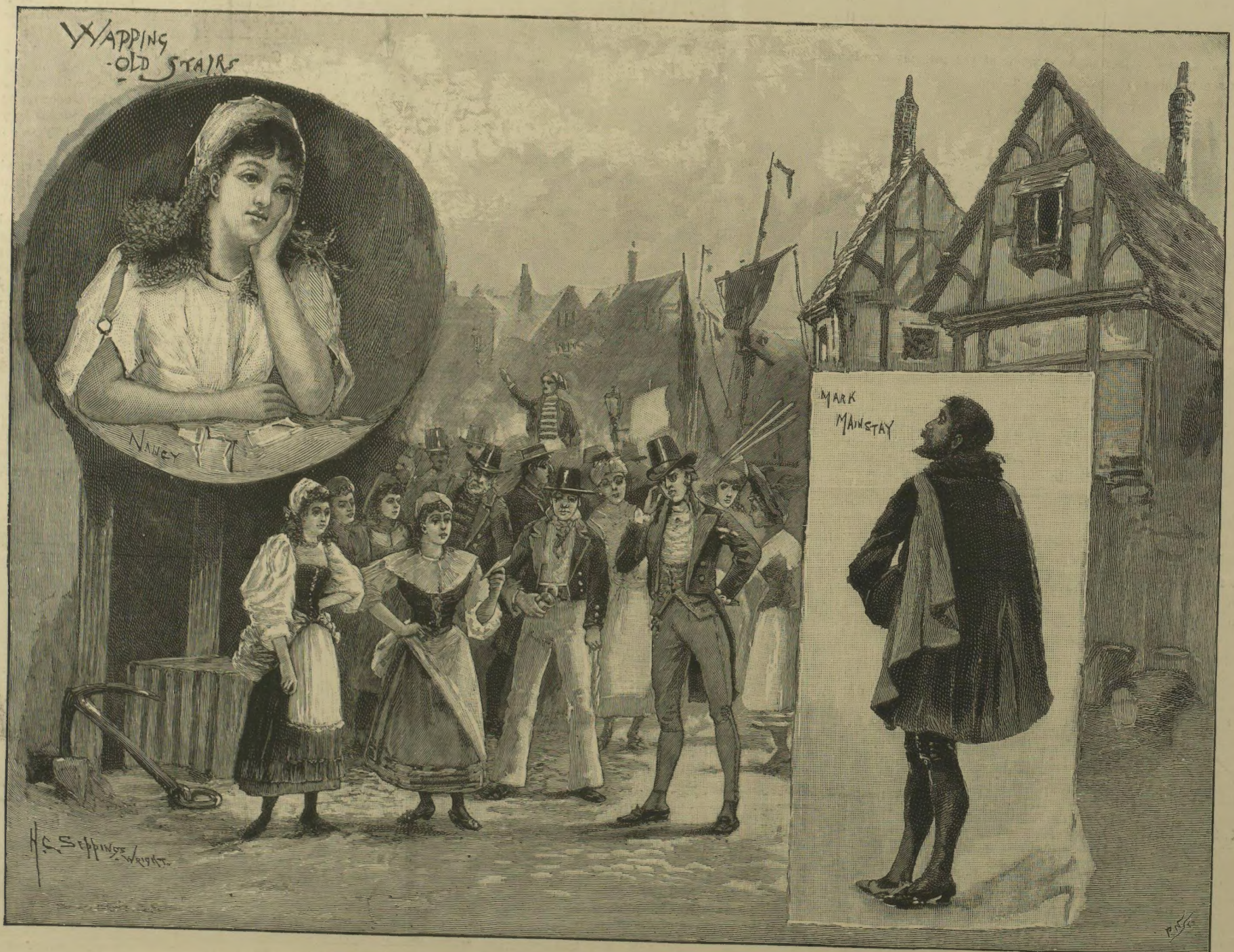


H.M.S. MAGPIE, ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.



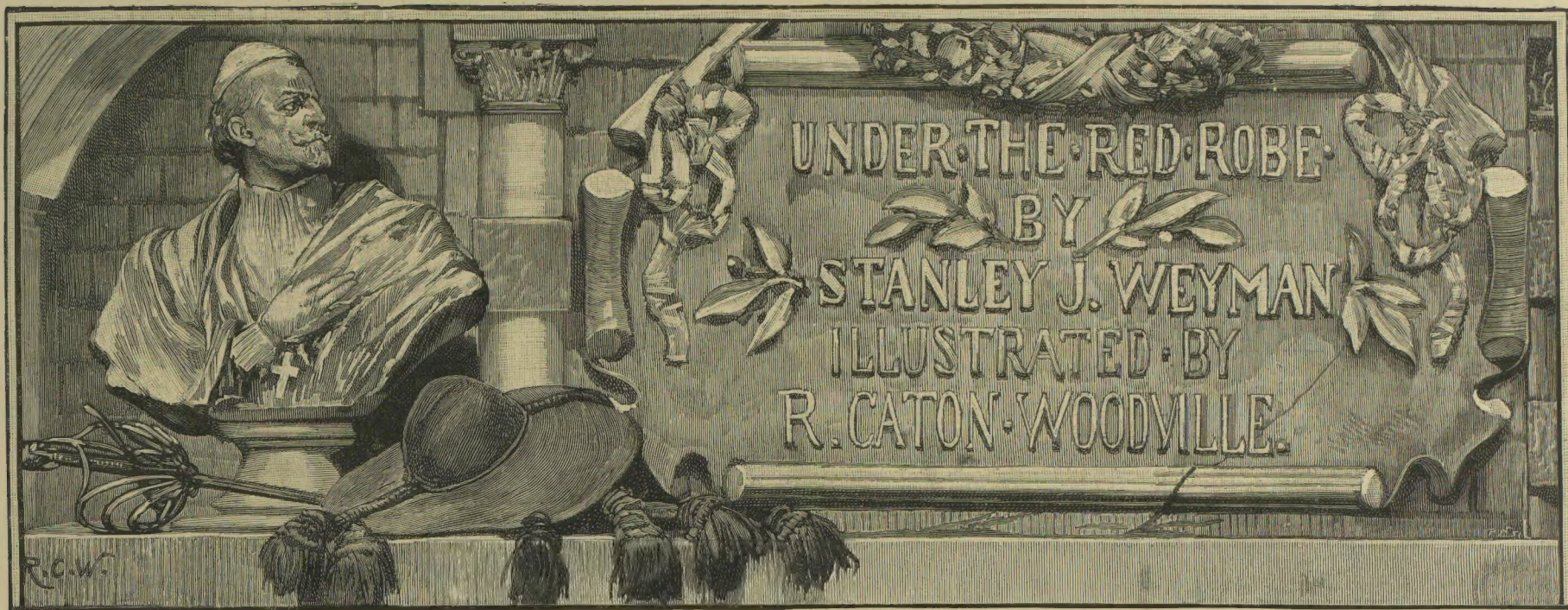


"THE NEW BOY," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.  
See "The Playhouses."



THE COMIC OPERA OF "WAPPING OLD STAIRS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.





## CHAPTER IX.

CLON.

"You!" she cried, in a voice which pierced me. "You are M. de Berault? It is impossible!" But, glancing askance at her—I could not face her—I saw that the blood had left her cheeks.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," I answered in a low voice. "De Barthe was my mother's name. When I came here, a stranger, I took it that I might not be known; that I might again speak to a good woman, and not see her shrink. That, and—but why trouble you with all this?" I continued, rebelling against her silence, her turned shoulder, her averted face. "You asked me, Mademoiselle, how I could take a blow and let the striker go. I have answered. It is the one privilege M. de Berault possesses."

"Then," she replied quickly, but almost in a whisper, "if I were M. de Berault, I would avail myself of it, and never fight again."

"In that event, Mademoiselle," I answered coldly, "I should lose my men friends as well as my women friends. Like Monseigneur the Cardinal, I rule by fear."

She shuddered, either at the name or at the idea my words called up; and for a moment we stood awkwardly silent. The shadow of the sundial fell between us; the garden was still; here and there a leaf fluttered slowly down. With each instant of that silence I felt the gulf between us growing wider, I felt myself growing harder; I mocked at her past, which was so unlike mine; I mocked at mine, and called it fate. I was on the point of turning from her with a bow—and a furnace in my breast—when she spoke.

"There is a last rose lingering there," she said, a slight tremor in her voice. "I cannot reach it. Will you pluck it for me, M. de Berault?"

I obeyed her, my hand trembling, my face on fire. She took the rose from me, and placed it in the bosom of her dress. And I saw that her hand trembled too, and that her cheek was dark with blushes.

She turned without more, and began to walk towards the house. "Heaven forbid that I should misjudge you a second time!" she said in a low voice. "And, after all, who am I that I should judge you at all? An hour ago, I would have killed that man had I possessed the power."

"You repented, Mademoiselle," I said huskily. I could scarcely speak.

"Do you never repent?" she said.

"Yes. But too late, Mademoiselle."

"Perhaps it is never too late," she answered softly.

"Alas! when a man is dead——"

"You may rob a man of worse than life!" she replied with energy, stopping me by a gesture. "If you have never robbed a man—or a woman—of honour! If you have never ruined boy or girl, M. de Berault! If you have never pushed another into the pit and gone by it yourself! If—but for murder? Listen. You are a Romanist, but I am a Huguenot, and have read. 'Thou shalt not kill!' it is written; and the penalty 'By man shall thy blood be shed!' But, 'If you cause one of these little ones to offend, it were better for you that a mill-stone were hanged about your neck, and that you were cast into the depths of the sea.'"

"Mademoiselle, you are merciful," I muttered.

"I need mercy myself," she answered, sighing. "And I have had few temptations. How do I know what you have suffered?"

"Or done!" I said, almost rudely.

"Where a man has not lied, nor betrayed, nor sold himself or others," she answered in a low tone, "I think I can forgive all else. I can better put up with force," she added, smiling sadly, "than with fraud."

Ah, *Dieu!* I turned away my face that she might not see how pale it grew; that she might not guess how her words, meant in mercy, stabbed me to the heart. And yet, then, for the first time, while viewing in all its depths and width the gulf which separated us, I was not hardened; I was not cast back upon myself. Her gentleness, her pity, her humility softened me, while they convicted me. My God! How could I do that which I had come to do? How could I stab her in the tenderest part, how could I inflict on her that rending pang, how could I meet her eyes,



I sprang through the line of soldiers, and struck the man with the whip a buffet between the shoulders.



and stand before her, a Caliban, a Judas, the vilest, lowest thing she could conceive?

I stood a moment speechless and disordered; overcome by her words, by my thoughts. I have seen a man so stand when he has lost all at the tables. Then I turned to her; and for an instant I thought that my tale was told already, I thought that she had pierced my disguise. For her face was changed—stricken as with fear. The next moment I saw that she was not looking at me, but beyond me, and I turned quickly and saw a servant hurrying from the house to us. It was Louis. His eyes were staring, his hair waved, his cheeks were flabby with dismay. He breathed as if he had been running.

"What is it?" Mademoiselle cried while he was still some way off. "Speak, man. My sister? Is she—"

"Clon," he gasped.

The name changed her to stone. "Clon? What of him?" she muttered.

"In the village!" Louis panted, his tongue stuttering with terror. "They are flogging him! They are killing him! To make him tell!"

Mademoiselle grasped the sundial and leant against it, her face colourless; and for an instant I thought that she was fainting. "Tell?" I said mechanically. "But he cannot tell. He is dumb, man."

"They will make him guide them," Louis groaned, covering his ears with his shaking hands, his face like paper. "And his cries! Oh, Monsieur, go, go!" he continued in a thrilling tone. "Save him. All through the wood I heard his cries. It was horrible! horrible!"

Mademoiselle uttered a moan of pain; I turned to support her, thinking each second to see her fall. But with a sudden movement she straightened herself, and, passing by me, with eyes that seemed to see nothing, she started swiftly down the walk towards the meadow gate.

I ran after her, but, taken by surprise as I was, it was only by a great effort I reached the gate before her, and, thrusting myself in the road, barred the way. "Let me pass!" she panted, striving to thrust me on one side. "Out of my way, Sir! I am going to the village."

"You are not going to the village," I said sternly. "Go back to the house, Mademoiselle, and at once."

"My servant!" she wailed. "Let me go! Let me go! Do you think I can rest here while they torture him? He cannot speak, and they—"

"Go back, Mademoiselle," I said with decision. "You would only make matters worse! I will go myself, and what one man can do against many, I will! Louis, give your mistress your arm and take her to the house. Take her to Madame."

"But you will go?" she cried. And before I could stay her—I swear I would have stopped her, if I could—she raised my hand and carried it to her trembling lips. "You will go! Go and stop them! Stop them, and Heaven reward you, Monsieur!"

I did not answer; nay, I did not once look back, as I crossed the meadow; but I did not look forward either. Doubtless it was grass I trod; doubtless the wood was before me with the sun shining aslant on it, doubtless the house rose behind me with a flame here and there in the windows. But I went in a dream, among shadows; with a racing pulse, in a glow from head to heel; conscious of nothing but the touch of Mademoiselle's warm lips on my hand, seeing neither meadow nor house, nor even the dark fringe of wood before me, but only Mademoiselle's passionate face. For the moment I was drunk: drunk with that to which I had been so long a stranger, with that which a man may scorn for years, to find it at last beyond his reach—drunk with the touch of a good woman's lips.

I passed the bridge in this state; and my feet were among the brushwood before the heat and fervour in which I moved found on a sudden their direction. Something began to penetrate to my veiled senses—a hoarse inarticulate cry, now deep, now shrilling horribly, that of itself seemed to fill the wood. It came at intervals of half a minute or so, and made the flesh creep, it rang so full of dumb pain, of impotent wrestling, of unspeakable agony. I am a man and have seen things. I saw the Concini beheaded, and Chalais ten years later—they gave him thirty-four blows; and when I was a boy I escaped from the college and viewed from a great distance Ravallac torn by horses—that was in the year ten. But the horrible cries I now heard filled me, perhaps because I was alone and fresh from the sight of Mademoiselle, with loathing inexpressible. The very wood, though the sun had not yet set, seemed to grow dark. I ran on through it, cursing, until the hovels of the village came in sight. Again the shriek rose, a pulsing horror; and this time I could hear the lash fall on the sodden flesh, I could see in fancy the dumb man, trembling, quivering, straining against his bonds. And then, in a moment, I was in the street, and, as the scream once more tore the air, I dashed round the corner by the inn, and came upon them.

I did not look at him. I saw Captain Larolle and the lieutenant, and a ring of troopers, and one man, bare-armed, teasing out with his fingers the thongs of a whip. The thongs dripped blood, and the sight fired the mine. The rage I had suppressed when the lieutenant bearded me earlier in the afternoon, the passion with which Mademoiselle's distress had filled my breast, on the instant found vent. I sprang through the line of soldiers; and striking the man with the whip a buffet between the shoulders, which hurled him breathless to the ground, I turned on the leaders. "You fiends!" I cried. "Shame on you! The man is dumb! I tell you, if I had ten men with me, I would sweep you and your scum out of the village with broomsticks. Lay on another lash," I continued recklessly, "and I will see if you or the Cardinal be the stronger."

The lieutenant glared at me, his grey moustache bristling, his eyes almost starting from his head. Some of the troopers laid their hands on their swords, but no one moved, and only the captain spoke. "*Mille diables!*" he swore. "What is all this about? Are you mad, Sir?"

"Mad or sane!" I cried furiously. "Lay on another lash, and you shall repent it."

For an instant there was a pause of astonishment. Then to my surprise the captain laughed—laughed loudly. "Very heroic!" he said. "Quite magnificent, M. Chevalier-errant. But you see, unfortunately, you come too late!"

"Too late!" I said incredulously.

"Yes, too late," he replied with a mocking smile. And the lieutenant grinned too. "Unfortunately, you see the man has just confessed. We have only been giving him an extra touch or two, to impress his memory, and save us the trouble of tying him up again."

"I don't believe it," I said bluntly—but I felt the check, and fell to earth. "The man cannot speak."

"No, but he has managed to tell us that he will guide us to the place we want," the captain answered drily. "The whip, if it cannot find a man a tongue, can find him wits. What is more, I think that he will keep his word," the brute continued with a hideous scowl. "For I warn him that if he does not, all your heroics shall not save him! He is a rebel dog, and known to us of old, and I will flay his back to the bones—ay, until we can see his heart beating through his ribs—but I will have what I want—in your teeth too, you d—d meddler!"

"Steady, steady!" I said, sobered: I saw that he was telling the truth. "Is he going to take you to M. de Cocheforêt's hiding place?"

"Yes, he is!" the captain retorted. "Have you any objection to that, Master Spy?"

"None," I replied. "Only I shall go with you. And if you live three months, I shall kill you for that name—behind the barracks at Auch, M. le Capitaine."

He changed colour, but he answered me boldly enough. "I don't know that you will go with us," he said with a snarl. "That is as we please."

"I have the Cardinal's orders," I said sternly.

"The Cardinal?" he exclaimed, stung to fury by this repetition of the name. "The Cardinal be—"

But the lieutenant laid his hand on his lips and stopped him. "Hush!" he said. Then more quietly, "Your pardon, M. le Capitaine; but the least said is the soonest mended. Shall I give orders to the men to fall in?"

The captain nodded sullenly.

"Take him down!" the lieutenant commanded in his harsh, monotonous voice. "Throw his blouse over him, and tie his hands. And do you two, Paul and Lebrun, guard him. Michel, bring the whip, or he may forget how it tastes. Sergeant, choose four good men and dismiss the rest to their quarters."

"Shall we need the horses?" the sergeant asked.

"I don't know," the captain answered peevishly. "What does the rogue say?"

The lieutenant stepped up to him. "Listen!" he said grimly. "Nod if you mean yes, and shake your head if you mean no. And have a care you answer truly. Is it more than a mile to this place?"

They had loosened the poor wretch's fastenings, and covered his back. He stood leaning his shoulder against the wall, his mouth still panting, the sweat running down his hollow cheeks. His sunken eyes were closed, but a quiver now and again ran through his frame. The lieutenant repeated his question, and, getting no answer, looked round for orders. The captain met the look, and crying savagely "Answer, will you, you mule!" struck the half-swooning *miserable* across the back with his switch. The effect was magical. Covered as his shoulders were, the man sprang erect with a shriek of pain, raising his chin, and hollowing his back; and in that attitude stood an instant with starting eyes, gasping for breath. Then he sank back against the wall, moving his mouth spasmodically. His face was the colour of lead.

"*Diable!* I think that we have gone too far with him!" the captain muttered.

"Bring some wine!" the lieutenant replied. "Quick with it!"

I looked on, burning with indignation: and in some excitement besides. For if the man took them to the place, and they succeeded in seizing Cocheforêt, there was an end of the matter as far as I was concerned. It was off my shoulders, and I might leave the village when I pleased; nor was it likely—since he would have his man, though not through me—that the Cardinal would refuse to grant me an amnesty. On the whole I thought I would prefer that things should take that course; and assuming the issue, I began to wonder whether it would be necessary in that event that Madame should know the truth. I had a kind of vision of a reformed Berauld, dead to play and purging himself at a distance from Zaton's, winning, perhaps, a name in the Italian war, and finally—but pshaw! I was a fool.

However, be that as it might, it was essential that I should see the arrest made; and I waited patiently while they revived the tortured man, and made their dispositions. These took some time; so that the sun was down, and it was growing dusk when we marched out, Clon going first, supported by his two guards, the captain and I following—abreast, and eyeing one another suspiciously—the lieutenant, with the sergeant and five troopers, bringing up the rear. Clon moved slowly, moaning from time to time; and but for the aid given him by the two men with him, must have sunk down again and again.

He led the way out between two houses close to the inn, and struck a narrow track, scarcely discernible, which ran behind other houses, and then plunged into the thickest part of the wood. A single person, traversing the covert, might have made such a track; or pigs, or children. But it was the first idea that occurred to us, and put us all on the alert. The captain carried a cocked pistol, I held my sword drawn, and kept a watchful eye on him; and the deeper the dusk fell in the wood, the more cautiously we went, until at last we came out with a sort of jump into a wider and lighter path.

I looked up and down, and saw before me a wooden

bridge, and an open meadow, lying cold and grey in the twilight; and I stood in astonishment. We were in the old path to the Château! I shivered at the thought that he was going to take us there, to the house, to Mademoiselle!

The captain also recognised the place, and swore aloud. But the dumb man went on unheeding, until he reached the wooden bridge. There he stopped short, and looked towards the dark outline of the house, which was just visible, one faint light twinkling sadly in the west wing. As the captain and I pressed up behind him, he raised his hands and seemed to wring them towards the house.

"Have a care!" the captain growled. "Play me no tricks, or—" He did not finish the sentence, for Clon turned back from the bridge, and, entering the wood to the left, began to ascend the bank of the stream. We had not gone a hundred yards before the ground grew rough, and the undergrowth thick: and yet through all ran a kind of path which enabled us to advance, dark as it was growing. Very soon the bank on which we moved began to rise above the water, and grew steep and rugged. We turned a shoulder, where the stream swept round a curve, and saw we were in the mouth of a small ravine, dark and sheer-sided. The water brawled along the bottom, over boulders and through chasms. In front, the slope on which we stood shaped itself into a lower cliff; but halfway between its summit and the water a ledge, or narrow terrace, running along the face, was dimly visible.

"Ten to one, a cave!" the captain muttered. "It is a likely place."

"And an ugly one!" I sneered. "Which one to ten might hold for hours!"

"If the ten had no pistols—yes!" he answered viciously. "But you see we have. Is he going that way?"

He was. "Lieutenant," Larolle said, turning and speaking in a low voice, though the chafing of the stream below us covered ordinary sounds, "shall we light the lanterns, or press on while there is still a glimmering of day?"

"On, I should say, M. le Capitaine," the lieutenant answered. "Prick him in the back if he falters. I will warrant he has a tender place or two!" the brute added with a chuckle.

The captain gave the word and we moved forward. It was evident now that the cliff-path was our destination. It was possible for the eye to follow the track all the way to it, through rough stones and brushwood; and though Clon climbed feebly, and with many groans, two minutes saw us step on to it. It did not prove to be the perilous place it looked at a distance. The ledge, grassy and terrace-like, sloped slightly downwards and outwards, and in parts was slippery; but it was as wide as a highway, and the fall to the water did not exceed thirty feet. Even in such a dim light as now displayed it to us, and by increasing the depth and unseen dangers of the gorge gave a kind of impressiveness to our movements, a nervous woman need not have feared to tread it. I wondered how often Mademoiselle had passed along it with her milk-pitcher!

"I think we have him now!" Captain Larolle muttered, twisting his mustachios, and looking about to make his last dispositions. "Paul and Lebrun, see that your man makes no noise. Sergeant, come forward with your carbine, but do not fire without orders. Now, silence all, and close up, lieutenant. Forward!"

We advanced about a hundred paces, keeping the cliff on our left, turned a shoulder, and saw, a few paces in front of us a slight hollow, a black blotch on the grey duskiness of the cliff-side. The prisoner stopped, and, raising his bound hands, pointed to it.

"There?" the captain whispered, pressing forward. "Is that the place?"

Clon nodded. The captain's voice shook with excitement. "You two remain here with him!" he said in a low tone. "Sergeant, come forward with me. Now, are you ready? Forward!"

He and the sergeant passed quickly, one on either side of Clon and his guards. The path grew narrow here, and the captain passed outside. The eyes of all but one were on the black blotch, the hollow in the cliff-side; and no one saw exactly what happened. But somehow, as the captain passed abreast of him, the prisoner thrust back his guards, and, leaping sideways, flung his unbound arms round Larolle's body, and in an instant swept him, shouting, to the verge of the precipice.

It was done in a moment! By the time the others' startled wits and eyes were back with them, the two were already tottering on the edge, looking in the gloom like one dark form. The sergeant, who was the first to find his head, levelled his carbine, but, as the wrestlers twirled and twisted, the captain shrieking out oaths and threats, the mute silent as death, it was impossible to see which was which, and the sergeant lowered his gun again, while the men held back nervously. The ledge sloped steeply there, the edge was vague, already the two seemed to be wrestling in mid air; and the mute was desperate.

The moment of hesitation was fatal. Clon's long arms were round the other's arms, crushing them into his ribs; Clon's skull-like face grinned hate into the other's eyes; his bony limbs curled round him like the folds of a snake. Larolle's strength gave way. "D—n you all! Why don't you come up? Ah! Mercy! mercy!" came in one last scream from his lips; and then as the lieutenant, taken aback before, sprang forward to his aid, the two toppled over the edge, and in a second hurtled out of sight.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the lieutenant cried; the answer was a dull splash in the depths below.

He flung up his arms. "Water!" he said. "Quick, men, get down! We may save him yet!"

But there was no path, and night was come, and the men's nerves were shaken. The lanterns had to be lit, and the way to be retraced; by the time we reached the dark pool which lay below, the last bubbles were gone from the surface, the last ripples had beaten themselves out against the banks.



The pool still rocked sullenly, and the yellow light showed a man's hat floating, and near it a glove three parts submerged. But that was all. The mute's dying grip had known no loosening, nor his hate any fear. I heard afterwards that when they dragged the two out next day, his fingers were in the other's eye-sockets, his teeth in his throat. If ever man found death sweet, it was he!

As we turned slowly from the black water, some shuddering, some crossing themselves, the lieutenant looked at me. "Curse you!" he said passionately. "I believe you are glad."

"He deserved his fate," I answered coldly. "Why should I pretend to be sorry? It was now or in three months. And for the other poor devil's sake I am glad."

He glared at me for a moment in speechless anger. At last, "I should like to have you tied up!" he said between his teeth.

"I should think that you had had enough of tying up for one day!" I retorted. "But there; it comes of making officers out of the canaille. Dogs love blood. The teamster must lash something if he can no longer lash his horses."

We were back, a sombre little procession, at the wooden bridge when I said this. He stopped. "Very well!" he replied, nodding viciously. "That decides me. Sergeant, light me this way with a lantern. The rest of you to the village. Now, Master Spy," he continued, glancing at me with gloomy spite. "Your road is my road. I think I know how to cook your goose."

I shrugged my shoulders in disdain, and together, the sergeant leading the way with the light, we crossed the meadow, and passed through the gate where Mademoiselle had kissed my hand, and up the ghostly walk between the rose bushes. I wondered uneasily what the lieutenant would be at, and what he intended; but the lantern light which now fell on the ground at our feet, and now showed one of us to the other, high-lit in a frame of blackness, discovered nothing in his grizzled face but settled hostility. He wheeled at the end of the walk to go to the main door; as he did so I saw the flutter of a white skirt by the stone sent against the house, and I stepped that way.

"Mademoiselle?" I said softly. "Is it you?"

"Clon?" she muttered, her voice quivering. "What of him?"

"He is past pain," I answered gently. "He is dead—but in his own way. Take comfort." And then before I could say more, the lieutenant, with his sergeant and light, were at my elbow. He saluted Mademoiselle roughly. She looked at him with shuddering abhorrence.

"Are you come to flog me, too, Sir?" she said icily. "Is it not enough that you have murdered my servant?"

"On the contrary, it was he who killed my captain," the lieutenant answered in another tone than I had expected. "If your servant is dead so is my comrade."

"Captain Larolle?" she murmured, gazing with startled eyes, not at him but at me.

I nodded. "How?" she asked.

"Clon flung the captain and himself into the river-pool above the bridge," I explained.

She uttered a low cry of awe and stood silent; but her lips moved and I think that she prayed for Clon, though she was a Huguenot. Meanwhile, I had a fright. The lantern, swinging in the sergeant's hand, throwing its smoky light now on the stone sent now on the rough wall above it, showed me something else. On the seat, doubtless where Mademoiselle's hand had lain as she sat in the dark, listening and watching, stood a pitcher of food. Beside her, in that place, it was damning evidence! I trembled lest the lieutenant's eye should fall upon it, lest the sergeant should see it; and then, in a moment, I forgot all about it. The

"What do you mean?" Mademoiselle asked wearily, interrupting him. "If you think that you can prejudice me against this gentleman—"

"That is precisely what I am going to do! And a little more than that!"

"You will be only wasting your breath!" she retorted.

"Wait! Wait, Mademoiselle—until you have heard," he said. "For if ever a black-hearted scoundrel, a dastardly sneaking spy trod the earth, it is this fellow! And I am going to expose him. Your own eyes and your own ears shall persuade you. I am not particular, but I would not eat, I would not drink, I would not sit down with him! I would rather be beholden to the meanest trooper in my squadron than to him! Ay, I would, so help me Heaven!" And the lieutenant, turning squarely on his heel, spat on the ground.

(To be continued.)



"Mercy! Mercy!" came in one last scream from his lips; and then the two toppled over the edge, and in a second hurtled out of sight.

lieutenant was speaking, and his voice was doom. My throat grew dry as I listened; my tongue stuck to my mouth. I tried to look at Mademoiselle, but I could not.

"It is true that the captain is gone," he said stiffly, "but others are alive, and about one of them a word with you, by your leave, Mademoiselle. I have listened to a good deal of talk from this fine gentleman friend of yours. He has spent the last twenty-four hours saying 'You shall!' and 'You shall not!' He came from you and took a very high tone because we laid a little whip-lash about that dumb devil of yours. He called us brutes and beasts, and but for him I am not sure that my friend would not now be alive. But when he said a few minutes ago that he was glad—glad of it, d—n him!—then I fixed it in my mind that I would be even with him. And I am going to be!"

writing an oratorio, entitled "King Saul," which will, it is expected, occupy about two hours in performance. A post-humous cantata from the pen of the lamented Arthur Goring Thomas, founded upon Mrs. Hemans's poem "The Swan and the Skylark," and left complete in piano score, will be orchestrated by Professor Stanford expressly for this festival. A "Stabat Mater," upon which Mr. Henschel has long been engaged, and which is said to be by far the most important composition that he has yet undertaken, will be the only other new work. The general scheme will comprise Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Berlioz's "To Deum," Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony, and a work of Palestrina's, together with the "Messiah" and "Elijah." Dr. Hans Richter will again act as conductor, and Mr. Stockley as chorus-master.

The National Education Association, at a meeting presided over by Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., passed resolutions protesting against the attempt in the London School Board, to introduce special dogmatic religious teaching in the Board schools.

The Canadian Government has arranged that an inter-colonial conference on the proposed Pacific cable is to meet at Ottawa on June 21. The Imperial Government, all the Australasian colonies, Fiji, and probably Hawaii, will be invited to send representatives. The Canadian Government does not prescribe any particular route for the cable, but only stipulates that it shall begin and end on British territory, and shall be under British control.

The general committee of the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival has just held a meeting, at which the report of the orchestral committee was presented, and, judging by the contents of that document, the gathering to be held on Oct. 2, 3, 4, and 5 next promises to be remarkably interesting. Three important novelties are to be brought forward. Dr. Hubert Parry is



## THE WORST KIND OF TATTLE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

To indulge in virtuous indignation is bad for the moral character. We become too like the Pharisee in his estimate of the publican when we feel virtuously indignant about a contemporary human being. But Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson offers, in his "Book of Recollections," an incitement to righteous anger which cannot be passed over. He has recollected, correctly or incorrectly—*que sais-je?*—what he should have forgotten, and he has published what he should not have recollected. I am happily unacquainted with the previous performances of Mr. Jeaffreson, with his own novels, one of which he anonymously puffed (i. 198), unless it was he who wrote things about "the real" Shelley and Byron. Now he has remembered things about another great man, Mr. Thackeray, which a person of better taste and judgment would have allowed to slip from his memory, and he has written down what he remembers in a style difficult to tolerate. On some of his observations I can offer no comment. They might not have surprised one had they appeared, with more point, of course, and style, in Tallemand. They do surprise in modern memoirs. Mr. Thackeray knew Mr. Jeaffreson in a kind of way, as he knew other *litteratunculi* of his time. He saw Mr. Jeaffreson at Evans's, and in men's society, unluckily. So Mr. Jeaffreson treats us to remarks of a kind, in the circumstances, perhaps unprecedented for bad taste and want of feeling. Of course, he soon comes to the quarrel in connection with the Garrick Club. That old affair inevitably attracts a mind like Mr. Jeaffreson's. The world, perhaps, cannot hear too often that one of its best men, one of its greatest benefactors, lost his temper under a kind of provocation in his time unusual. Mr. Jeaffreson "wallows" in the stale old anecdote. He devotes a whole page to the nose of the author of "The Newcomes"; the feature had been injured, as everybody has heard, in a fight at school. After a long account of a conversation with Mr. Thackeray, in which Mr. Jeaffreson sustained the *beau rôle*, he tells us that Mr. Thackeray observed, "I am hitting at the man behind him," behind the object of his wrath.

Well, suppose it really was so. Suppose that the bottle-holders, as it were, of two men of great genius—Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray—set them at war. Mr. Dickens was annoyed, it is said (I do not know how truly), by a review, eternally quoted, in which Mr. Charles Lever was preferred to himself. We learned of old that authors are irritable. We have been told also that Mr. Thackeray, meeting Mr. Dickens—I think in a club—went up to him, and, holding out his hand, said that to be on ill terms with him was more than he could bear. Say that he was in the wrong; it is difficult to forgive when we are in the wrong, yet he forgave. This is the point worth remembering; this is what the literary historian of the future should be glad to record.

Then we are told a great deal about Mr. Thackeray's emulousness as regarded Mr. Dickens. People were always

putting them against each other. Fools would not let them be. This might produce irritation in Mr. Thackeray's mind, as, according to the biographer of Mr. Lever, similar partisanship annoyed Mr. Dickens. Mr. Jeaffreson wisely conjectures that "his ambition to get the better of Dickens may have originated in his natural appetite for social distinction," as if Mr. Dickens was, or wished to be, more "socially distinguished" than his great contemporary. Or Mr. Hayward may have been the cause of "his ambition to get the better of Dickens." We have all laughed at Mr. Hayward's letter concerning "the inner circle." "How much richer truth is than fiction!" said Mr. Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield, "and how great that phrase about the inner circle is!"

Let us say that this constant and generous laudation by Mr. Thackeray was hypocritical! Some persons may find that theory temptingly congenial. Mr. Jeaffreson never heard Mr. Thackeray disparage a work by Mr. Dickens. "He always displayed a passionate admiration of the author whom he was trying to precede." Yet he was "hitting at" this man. Why? Not "from a passion either mean in itself, or likely to degenerate into envy and hatred of the more popular novelist." What in the world does Mr. Jeaffreson want to be at? He says that Mr. Thackeray, by his own confession, was "hitting at" Dickens (p. 269). He quotes a piece of gossip from Mr. Marzials: "The whole affair" (of the Garrick Club) "was an outburst of long-smouldering jealousy between

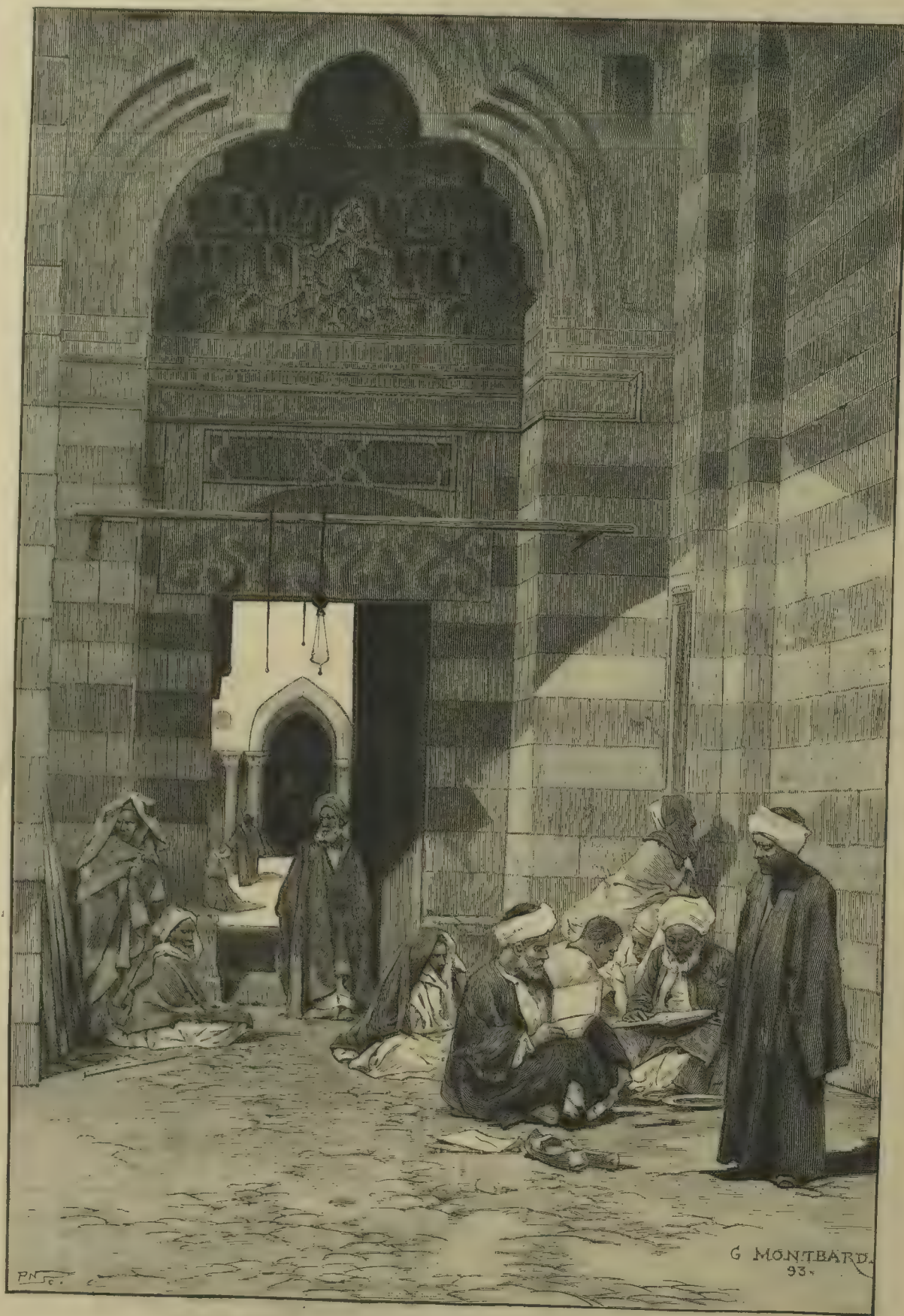
Thackeray and Dickens" (p. 271). He denies that Dickens was jealous (pp. 272-275). He alleges that Thackeray was, let us say, emulous (pp. 275-279). And then he calls Thackeray's emulousness "an essentially and uniformly generous passion" (p. 279). An essentially and uniformly generous passion which makes one man hit at another through a third! "I honoured him for the emulation that was so generous, so magnanimous, and so pure of envious malignity"—that it inspired Mr. Thackeray to use a club quarrel as a stalking-horse whence to shoot at Mr. Dickens (p. 281).

What does all this mean? Does it mean anything? Does Mr. Jeaffreson really allege that Mr. Thackeray sought a chance of quarrelling with Mr. Dickens, because he was jealous of Mr. Dickens's deserved success? If that is *not* his meaning why does he give us in this connection so many pages about his emulousness? And, if it *is* his meaning, why does he call that passionate emulation "generous, magnanimous, and pure of envious malignity?"

Then we have Paddy Green's "the Cave of Harmony." "Thackeray greatly preferred the reformed to the unreformed supper-room." But, ah! "he used to go to the Cyder Cellars when they were a school of vice for young clerks and students." We know about the famous tipsy song before and about Colonel Newcome's indignation; but it is very moral and noble of Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson to leave no doubt in our minds about the depraved and unprincipled novelist. It is also very good and useful to rake up an old, forgotten story about a review of "The Story of

Elizabeth," in the *Athenæum*. "It contained passages that were peculiarly qualified to pain the writer of the clever tale, and to incense her affectionate and sensitive father."

Only a very virtuous critic indeed would salute the first novel of a very young lady, a novel which has long and deservedly outlived its censor's works, with remarks "peculiarly qualified to pain the writer." This was such a great and spirited piece of criticism that it was attributed to Mr. Jeaffreson himself. He tells us that Miss Jewsbury really wrote the critique, the "passages peculiarly qualified to pain the author" of the story. It was, in fact, such a remarkable review that some persons cut Mr. Jeaffreson "for having written in so ruffianly a style." "A larger number. . . barely nodded to me." But Miss Jewsbury was a critic "just, generous, and conscientious." She seems to have, on this occasion, displayed her qualities in a queer way. However, more than enough of this book for the present.



GREAT DOOR OF THE MOSQUE EL AZHAR IN CAIRO.

See "Our Illustrations."

One thing we all do know about Thackeray and Dickens. Mr. Thackeray from very early times publicly praised Mr. Dickens with a freedom, a frequency, an enthusiasm, a heartiness, such as I never read in any man's public criticism of a "rival." Scott spoke so, but privately, about Miss Austen; publicly, but in an unsigned review, about Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," which he attributed to Shelley. If favourable reviews, by the most eminent hands, increase an author's "sales," Thackeray did what in him lay to enlarge the circle of Dickens's readers. Yet he was jealous, we are to believe, of the numbers of those readers. I do not now remember that Mr. Dickens ever published a line of praise of Mr. Thackeray in that author's lifetime. Perhaps he did. I hope he did. If he did not, it must be remembered that he wrote little criticism. Assuredly he did not go out of his way—did he?—to praise the yellow-covered books in the green-covered books. The green books were splendidly praised in the yellow books.





DOVES.

From a Picture by J. L. F. de M.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the notable books of recent date Mr. Norman Lockyer's "Dawn of Astronomy" (Cassell and Co.) stands out prominently as a welcome contribution to a little-understood but withal interesting subject. The work is a study of the temple-worship and mythology of the ancient Egyptians, and is certain to attract the attention of many whose interests do not specially lie in the direction of astronomical science. No one reading Mr. Lockyer's work can doubt that its author has made its evolution a real labour of love, and the industry and practical research exemplified in its pages are beyond all praise. Let me add that the book itself is splendidly illustrated, beautifully printed, and artistically bound. As samples of the illustrations I have been permitted to reproduce the drawings of the colossi of the plain at Thebes, at High Nile, oriented to the sunrise at the winter solstice. The statues represented in this view are those of Amen-hotep III., and are monoliths 60 ft. high. The other illustration represents the obelisks near the oldest part of the temple of Amen-Râ at Karnak, which Mr. Lockyer describes as "beyond all question the most majestic ruin in the world," which is indeed saying much.

The axis of this latter temple is a stone avenue in the centre opening towards the north-west. This axis is about 500 yards long; and Mr. Lockyer tells us that the whole desire of the builder of this great edifice was to preserve that axis absolutely open. The great object here was really to limit the light, which fell on the front of the temple, into a narrow beam, and to carry it to the other extremity of the temple—namely, to the sanctuary. Thus, as Mr. Lockyer shows, once a year when the sun set at the solstice, the light passed without interruption along the whole length of the temple, finally illuminating the sanctuary in the most resplendent fashion, and striking the sanctuary wall. Here the astronomical idea of the temple comes to the front: these temples being really "horizontal telescopes," Mr. Lockyer maintains, constructed and used to obtain an exact observation of the precise time of the solstice. Mingled with this scientific use of the temple was, of course, their religious phase. Science and religion were really identical in these old Egyptian days. The image of Râ might be so placed that the solar beam would flash upon it during one brief period, marking perchance at once the beginning of a new solar year and a high religious festival.

The colossi on the plain of Thebes, Mr. Lockyer alludes to as watching for the rising of the sun at the winter solstice, while the Sphinx itself he styles "merely a mysterious nondescript sort of thing which was there watching for the rising of the sun at an equinox." But the whole book is full of interesting facts bearing out the early astronomical ideas of the Egyptians, and showing how the science of sciences was making headway in its own fashion thousands of years before the Christian era. Mr. Lockyer's attention was first drawn to the subject when, in 1890, visiting the ruins of the Parthenon and the temple at Eleusis, he noted the direction in which the Parthenon was built, and the many changes of direction in the foundation at Eleusis. Then, again, there occurred to his mind the fact that in England the east windows of churches face generally to the place of sun-rising on the festival of the patron saint. For example, the churches of St. John the Baptist face very nearly north-east. This facing the sun-rising, most of us know under the name "orientation," and here we find a clue to the possible origin of the practice of building religious edifices in particular ways; while, going far enough back, by a scientific use of the imagination, we get to sun-worship, as probably the oldest, most primitive, and, shall I add, most natural of all the forms of religion practised by early man. Mr. Lockyer pays a just tribute to the work of Professor Nissen on the orientation of Eastern temples, but I fancy his own book will serve the

purpose of stimulating research into the topic among a very wide circle of readers of professedly theological, antiquarian, and astronomical tastes. The charm of the whole work for the general reader is its plain statement, lucidly conveyed, of the relations of the great Egyptian and allied temples to early astronomical

inhabitants in 1891. The proportion in 1881 was one house to 5.38. London comes first in the matter of crowding, with 7.84 of a population to each inhabited house; and Norwich is lowest. There the proportion is 4.53 per house. The standard of overcrowding is taken to be represented by ordinary houses of less than five rooms with more than two occupants per room. On this basis, there are 481,653 overcrowded dwellings in England and Wales. In them are housed no fewer than 3,258,044 persons, or 11.23 per cent. of the total population.

Six towns—Gateshead (40.78), Newcastle (35.08), Sunderland (32.85), Plymouth (26.27), Halifax (21.31), and Bradford (20.61)—give us the highest percentages of overcrowding. The six lowest are Preston (4.13), Nottingham (3.62), Croydon (2.76), Derby (2.69), Leicester (2.22), and Portsmouth (1.74). The account before me gives also the proportion of males and females in the population. This is given at 1064 females to every 1000 males. It was 1055 to 1000 in 1881. The result of 1891 is set down to male emigration, the increasing male death-rate having been checked since 1881. Low birth-rates characterise the period from 1881 to 1890. The average was 32.5 per 1000 living. Before the latter period it was 35.2 and 35.4 for the two previous censuses. It seems that there is a falling off in the marriage rate and a postponement of the marriage age to be reckoned with in accounting for the results. That the unmarried die earlier than the married is a lesson of the census; why, is a question I cannot pretend to solve. And there is, lastly, one interesting point to which allusion has been made, that women are great offenders in the matter of concealment of age. The popular belief in this distaste for revealing the age is supported, alas! by the fact that the authorities say that women desire "to be thought to be between twenty and twenty-five." Comment, surely, is needless!

## "GLOIRES ET SOUVENIRS MILITAIRES."

The French army, from a professional and from a national point of view, with which the English need not quarrel—for it has been our ally in the Crimea, if it was our enemy on former occasions—receives a handsome tribute of literary and pictorial commemoration, with the above title, in Messrs. Hachette's new publication. This is a volume, beautifully printed and substantially bound, in which the late M. Charles Bigot, professor at the military school of St. Cyr, who died as a soldier in the war of 1871, collected from many histories and memoirs various passages narrating French deeds of gallantry from 1792 to December 1870, including the wars of the first Republic and the first Empire, the campaigns in Algeria from 1830 to 1851, the battle of the Alma and siege of Sebastopol, and some actions of the war with Germany. The war of 1859 in Italy is not included, and the book has no pretensions to form a complete or connected history, but affords much reading acceptable to the admirers of brave and skilful soldiery, the extracts being taken from approved writers—Marmont, Coignet, Maurice Dupin, Ségur, and others, or from official despatches. But the illustrations, comprising twenty-four colour-printed

plates, from water-colour drawings by good artists, frontispieces of emblematic design, with portraits, chapter-headings, and page-ornaments, add to the attractiveness of this work. As a memorial of M. Bigot, it has a personal interest for his former pupils at St. Cyr.

After all, war is sorry work, n'est ce pas, Messieurs? We read here, in the "Souvenirs d'un dragon de l'armée de Crimée," by M. Charles Mismer: "I went to the Malakoff after the assault. The earth was saturated with blood. The trenches and the embrasures for the guns were heaped and stuffed with corpses. Two dead Russians were hanging from a battery, heads downward. I saw the remains of men entirely naked, whose flesh already began to swell with corruption. Faces of those killed in the front ranks showed a paroxysm of all warlike passions, from heroism to cowardice. Behind the curtain joining the Malakoff to the Little Redan lay several boy-officers, whose faces were like young girls asleep."



THE OBELISKS NEAR THE OLDEST PART OF THE TEMPLE OF AMEN-RÂ AT KARNAK.

From "The Dawn of Astronomy" (Cassell and Co.)

ideas, mingled with which ideas, as is also shown, there were the concepts of those religions to which the sun formed a very natural centre.

I have been looking over some census returns culled from the last volume dealing with the enumeration of the people and their ways and works. Some of the figures are highly interesting, and contain besides certain moral lessons (in a sanitary sense) to which the attention of the nation is well worthy of being directed. I note that in England and Wales, for instance, the number of houses is set down at 5,451,497; that is, one house to every 5.32



THE COLOSSI OF THE PLAIN OF THEBES, AT HIGH NILE, ORIENTED TO THE SUNRISE AT THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

From "The Dawn of Astronomy" (Cassell and Co.)



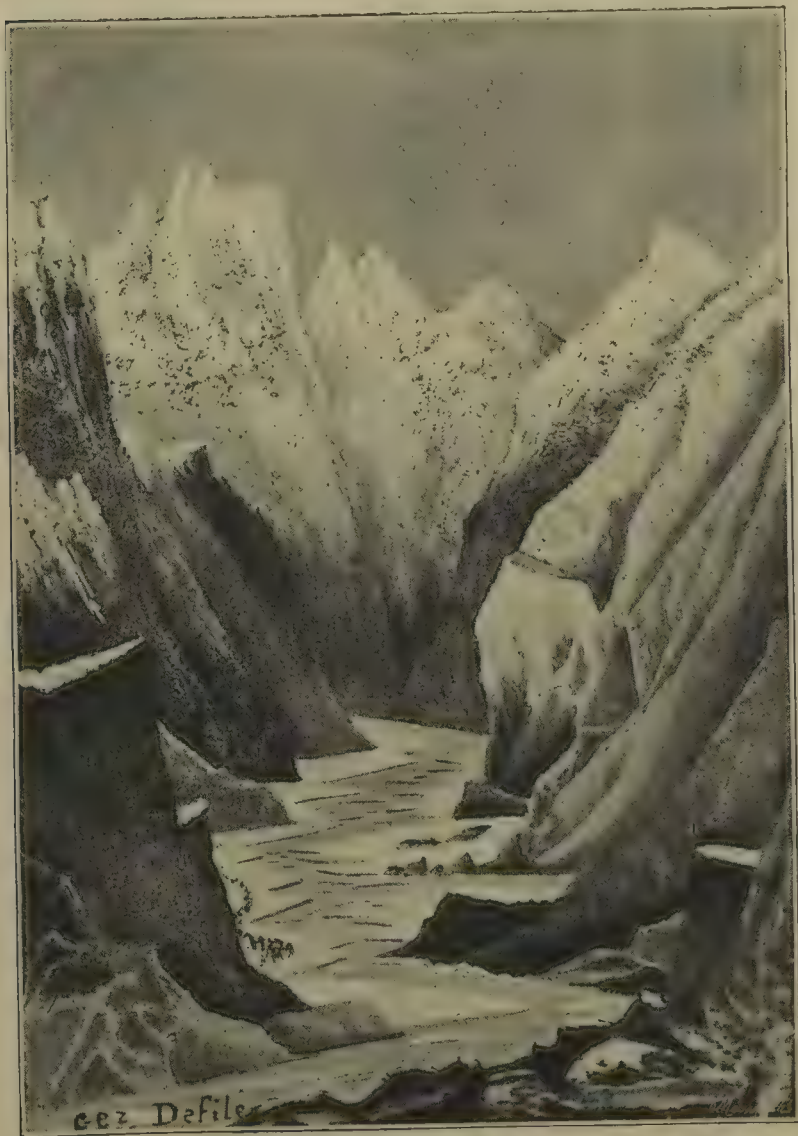
LORD DUNMORE'S PICTURES AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY.



A LAKE (NAME UNKNOWN) IN BALTISTAN.



MY CARAVAN AND ANOTHER CROSSING THE ZOJILA.  
The First Pass in the Western Himalayas, 11,520 ft., Kashmir.



HOT SPRINGS IN THE GEZ DEFILE, CHINESE TURKESTAN, ON THE WAY  
TO KASHGAR, LOOKING EAST.



THE HOME OF THE OVIS POLI.  
A Scene in the Mountains of the Hindu Kush.





1. The Start. 2. Stiff Fences. 3. The Finish.

FOX-HUNTING IN THE CAMPAGNA, ROME.





THE PRIDE OF THE MARKET.

BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.



## LITERATURE.

## THE NEW LIFE OF COLERIDGE.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Narrative of the Events of His Life.* By James Dykes Campbell. (London: Macmillan and Co.)—The praises bestowed on Mr. Dykes Campbell's *Life of Coleridge* must be all the sweeter to him because, as it was originally published, only the hardest and most resolute Coleridgean student could have been depended on to discover its merits. It was printed as an introduction to a new edition of Coleridge's poetical works; and so printed, in such long lines of very small type, that the page looked less like something to read than a slab of granular iron. But there were some who knew of Mr. Dykes Campbell as the most laborious, most accomplished, and most discreet of Coleridgean scholars; and these were not put off. Others there are with love enough for the poet, and enough of curiosity about that strange being, to remain undaunted at the mere aspect of anything that is likely to increase their knowledge of him; and these also seized their magnifying-glasses and fell to. And soon they found themselves in such an abundance of excellent matter, so well selected, so well ordered, so well displayed in the unobtrusive light of a fine judgment, that they could but exclaim. Their voices were everywhere heard in praise of the work, and its fortune was made. Promoted from the lowly estate of "Introduction," Mr. Campbell's *Life of Coleridge* reappears as a handsome and stately volume.

If the book still imparts a feeling of condensation, it is not for want of freedom of treatment or lucidity of expression, but because the writer always seems to draw from a fund of information which would be much more liberal were he less modest. Indeed, were it not ungrateful to hint a fault in Mr. Campbell's work, it might be said that he has taken too much pains to avoid the excessive amplification which discredits modern biography. Choosing nobler models, he has followed them a little too severely; and yet it is a refinement to say so, for no one can be contradicted who asserts that Mr. Campbell's book is itself a model of what biography should be. At the foundation of every good work of the kind there is a careful collection of all the known facts of its subject's history, and a studious examination of everything that is likely to cast a truer or a brighter light upon the facts. Industry having brought together the utmost accessible detail, whether constructive or illustrative, then comes the employment of a slow and just discrimination in testing, assorting, collating, proportioning, before a word of the story is begun; and, the story begun, it is constructed with the architect's skill and ambition rather than that of the literary man. That this is Mr. Dykes Campbell's way is abundantly evident as soon as we pass with him over the threshold of Coleridge's life. Before we come to the end of fifty pages confidence in his knowledge, his method, his discrimination, his justice, is assured; and we are soon at ease in the terse simplicity of his style. A sound book: biography at its best.

His task finished, Mr. Dykes Campbell looks back upon its fulfilment, and then says in an anxious postscript, "I would fain leave the foregoing narrative to work its own impression on the mind of the reader"; and yet—and yet he cannot quite leave it so. This at least he must add: "If its somewhat fuller and more orderly presentment of what I believe to be the truth be not found to tend, on the whole, to raise Coleridge in the eyes of men, I shall, I confess, feel both surprised and disappointed." There speaks the honest scribe. His heart was with Coleridge from the first page to the last; but, having a right feeling for the business in hand, he could but keep sentiment out of the inkpot. A dash of sympathy could of course be allowed, but that was all. Content with no more, the biographer goes to work, his own admiration snug in his own breast; but, the story told, now creeps in a doubt whether minds less studious and considerate than his own will discover in it a tendency to raise Coleridge in the eyes of men. If not, he will be surprised and disappointed; and disappointment is what Mr. Dykes Campbell must look for. He, no doubt, has been so long in the company of men who saw Coleridge face to face, beheld the inspiration in his eyes and heard his marvellous speech the while, that he has caught some share of their enthusiasm for the poet's gifts. But it was an enthusiasm which his presence was needed to sustain, and the magic died with him. We must needs believe in it as more than "glamour." It was much more; or it could not have taken so strong a hold on minds so different and yet all so sane and sober in judging men as Lamb, Wordsworth, Poole, Hookham Frere, and Stuart, business-like editor of the *Morning Post*. But, putting Stuart aside, even these understood what a dream of a man was the Coleridge they admired; and when the dream came to an end one summer morning at Highgate, and no one could ever again be caught into the wonders and glories which Lamb confessed were almost too great for him to endure, much of the genius Coleridge perished beyond recall. His published works survive, and their glory is that they are prized the most by men who are themselves philosophers or have some share of poetic genius. Men who are in neither of these categories are also aware of many fine flashes of truth, many deep discernments, much criticism of the only sort that is worth anything, and some passages of exquisite poesy amid a great deal of verse which he ought to have known undeserving of the form he gave it. But who among all of these can doubt that Coleridge's imperfections were on the same scale with his genius?—or, if that is too much to say, on nearly the same scale? It is not or it need not be a question of praise and blame. Here were greatnesses—not less great for the weaknesses; here were weaknesses—not less so because of the greatnesses; and if an estimate of the man as a whole is wanted, we should not allow the one to weigh upon or detract from the other. Now it happens that Coleridge's defects of mind are more apparent in his character than his genius, and come out more strongly in his life than his works. Mr. Dykes Campbell's business as biographer is to give an account of the poet's life; and in doing it with a clear consecutive fidelity hitherto unapproached, he does not because he could not present a picture which tends to raise Coleridge in the eyes of men. FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

## MR. LANG'S FAIRY TALES.

*Prince Ricardo of Pantouffia.* By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)—This is another volume of Mr. Lang's researches in the archives of Pantouffia. It is replete, like its predecessor, with moral lessons; for Mr. Lang understands his responsibilities as a story-teller too well to forget that the legendary sweetmeat must always disguise the edifying purpose. Prince Ricardo is in serious danger of being spoilt by those magical properties the Cap of Darkness, Sword of Sharpness, travelling carpet, and so forth, with which his father, Prince Prigio, performed those prodigies which you all remember. The young man is for ever killing dragons and rescuing princesses, without taking the trouble even to master the elements of geography. When he perceives through the magic telescope a damsel in distress, he hastens to her succour, cuts off the enemy's head, makes the lady a pretty bow, and returns home rather late for dinner, without even concerning himself whether the scene of his exploit is in Asia or Africa. Naturally this carelessness gives much anxiety to his papa, and to the Princess Jaqueline, whom he discovered on the top of a mountain exposed to vultures and carrion crows. Ever since then the Princess Jaqueline has taken a more than sisterly interest in him, but he persists in treating her as brothers commonly treat their sisters, calls her "Jack," and generally comports himself with irritating coolness. As this bringing-up of the heir of Pantouffia is entirely unsatisfactory, his father hits on the genial device of abstracting the fairy presents—the Cap of Darkness, Sword of Sharpness, and what not—and substituting caps and swords and carpets of a perfectly commonplace quality. The result is nearly disastrous, for Prince Ricardo, having a mind to set the Stuarts on the throne again, offers his services to Prince Charlie (Flora Macdonald's Prince Charlie), and, as a proof of his magic authority, proposes to take the regal exile for an excursion on the fairy carpet. This being your common Kidderminster, owing to the artfulness of Pantouffia's monarch, there is "no show," as the comedians say when they are out of an engagement. The indignant young Charles thereupon provokes Ricardo to mortal combat, and as that magnanimous prince will not use his Sword of Sharpness (not knowing that it is only mediocre Sheffield), and as he has never learned fencing, he is easily disarmed and even gets a nasty scratch. Mr. Lang justly seizes this opportunity to moralise on the ill-luck of the Stuarts, who but for Prince Prigio's experiment in the training of his son would have come by their own again with consummate ease. The rest of Prince Ricardo's adventures—how he was repeatedly rescued from imminent peril by the sagacity of the Princess Jaqueline, who, having learned magic at a finishing school, could turn herself into a wasp or a mosquito, as emergency might warrant—I leave to the reader, whose curiosity must now be thoroughly aroused. Suffice it to say that Ricardo gets into a really alarming mess, and that the devoted Jaqueline, who extricates him, is saved only by the ready wit of Prince Prigio in voyaging to the moon for the one weapon which can quell the monster into whose power the poor little princess has fallen. In the moon, it seems, are quarries of Solid Stupidity, and Prigio helps himself freely to the "Stupidity of the Learned—of dull, blind writers on Shakspeare and Homer and the Bible"—with which he returns to earth, and triumphantly flattens the foe. I hope this thrilling allegory will be appreciated in the proper quarters; but however that may be, the historian of Pantouffia must be congratulated on the courage and erudition with which he has performed his task. L. F. AUSTIN.

## A NEW "STORY OF THE NATIONS."

*Parthia.* By George Rawlinson, M.A., F.R.G.S., late Camden Professor of Ancient History. ("Story of the Nations." Unwin.)—How many people, when they hear the words of the Penticostal lesson, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia," have any definite conception that at the time when the apostles were believed to be exercising the miraculous gift of tongues, the Parthians, thus casually classed among a crowd of other races, were, after Rome, the second dominant power of the known world? For five centuries—divided nearly in equal parts by the Christian era—they ruled the eastern regions of Alexander's empire, which they had wrested from his Seleucid successors, from the borders of India to the "great river, the river Euphrates," and even annexed Syria and Palestine for a time. Crassus and Antony had learned their warlike qualities after a series of disasters, and in a later age Trajan, Cassius, and Severus, despite some brilliant victories, found the Parthians a tough people to master. The Syrian desert had had its share in the discomfort of the legions, no doubt; but there was a rude force in the Parthians themselves which made them for centuries a bulwark against Rome in the East—whether for good or ill to the world at large need not be argued here. But they were before all things a people of bows and arrows—everyone has spoken of Parthian darts, possibly without exactly knowing what they were—and the history of such a people is seldom very interesting. In arts and letters, in most of the higher elements of civilisation, the Parthians under their Arsacid kings were sadly to seek, and although Canon Rawlinson makes a vigorous protest against Fergusson's sweeping comment that the Parthians have left "no material traces of their existence," the traces are, after all, somewhat indistinct. It was difficult to write a graphic history of such a people, especially when the chroniclers are all foreigners and more or less hostile, and the few native materials are almost limited to the evidence of coins. Nevertheless, Canon Rawlinson has, with his usual skill in literary craft, contrived to render the annals of Arsacid warfare, rebellion, and disunion less tedious than could have been expected, and those who have already possessed themselves of Madame Ragozin's interesting volumes on "Chaldaea" and "Media," and Professor Mahaffy's "Alexander's Empire," in the same series, will, perhaps, not be greatly disappointed when they carry their studies forward in the "Parthia" of the learned ex-Camden Professor.

It would, perhaps, be asking too much to expect him to recast, in the light of later researches, his "Sixth Oriental Monarchy" (1873), of which (though, strangely enough, it is never once mentioned), the present volume is an

abridgement; but the absence of any reference to the works of Spiegel and Gutschmid is somewhat ominous, and it would be rash to cite this book as representing in all respects the present state of scholarly research on its subject. In a future edition it is to be hoped that the numerous misprints which disfigure its pages will be corrected, and that some indications will be given of the German and other authorities which the reader should consult if he wishes to carry his studies further. The "Story of the Nations" series is, after all, intended to serve as an introduction to more profound works; and a bibliography of the leading authorities should form a cardinal feature in each volume. STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

## A NEW PLAYWRIGHT.

The *Plays* by Mr. John Davidson (Elkin Mathews and John Lane) were welcomed by us some years ago in a much humbler guise than that which they have now assumed through the enterprise and taste of their present publishers. We trust that the development in external attractions may be taken as the index of a corresponding growth in public appreciation; for in his own particular walk of the fanciful and poetic drama Mr. Davidson deserves a very high place. The "Unhistorical Pastoral," the "Romantic Farce," and "Scurmouge in Naxos," are instinct with the indefinable charm of the dramatised idyl, and transport the jaded reader from the realities of modern life and the realism of modern fiction to an ideal, poetical, and most attractive world. On the Arcadian side he is no unworthy follower of "The Winter's Tale"; but Shakspeare wrote for Blackfriars as well as Arcadia, and Mr. Davidson has not yet succeeded in producing anything that could hold a mixed audience or powerfully enlist the sympathies even of refined spectators. Perhaps he has not ever attempted this. The play of "Bruce," in which the appeal to feeling is most obvious, is the least successful of any; the graceful language and delicate fancy with which it abounds appearing quite out of keeping with the martial times and rude society which the author professedly depicts. The "tragic farce" of "Smith" is also comparatively ineffective from want of earnest execution, though the plot is well imagined. In the other three pieces Mr. Davidson is quite at home, and achieves a combination of poetry, fancy, and melody which our space does not permit us to illustrate by extracts, but which may, perhaps, be best described by a comparison with Shelley's version of the "Cyclops" of Euripides. RICHARD GARNETT.

## THE WEST AFRICAN GOLD AND SLAVE COASTS.

*The Yoruba-Speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast of West Africa: their Religion, Manners, Customs, Laws, Language, &c.* By A. B. Ellis, Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Battalion West India Regiment. (Chapman and Hall.)—Colonel Ellis's name has recently come to the front in connection with the expedition which he led against the marauding Sofas, and which by a deplorable blunder was attacked by French troops, their commander being killed. Outside military circles Colonel Ellis has long been honourably known as an energetic student of the religions and customs of the native tribes of the Gold and Slave Coasts—even the deadly climate of those dreary regions failing to lessen his ardour. The obligations under which he has laid anthropologists by his exhaustive monographs on the Ewe and Tshi speaking peoples are increased by the present volume, which deals with the Yorubas, a tribe dwelling to the east of Dahomey, at the rear of the British settlement, Lagos. Colonel Ellis has given special attention to the beliefs of the West-African races, with the result of adding considerably to the evidence in support of the generally uniform process of man's spiritual development. In other words, a process ever from the lower to the higher.

One feature which the author brings into prominence is the distinction which appears to be universally drawn in the more primitive religions between theology and morals, a distinction which lurks in advanced creeds. Sin is an act done against the gods, who are originally conceived as of jealous, malignant character. It comprises neglect of rites, of payment of priestly and temple dues; while crimes—murder, theft, and the like—are acts with which the gods have no concern, for which, as wrought between man and man, they have no condemnation. The Yorubas are higher in the scale of culture than their neighbours. The open character of their country has facilitated intercourse, and the numerous waterways—lagoons and intersecting rivers—have aided the grouping of the people into town-like settlements. As in Northern Africa, the Crescent makes more converts than the Cross—a result due to the greater flexibility and lesser theological subtlety of Islam. Not that the Yoruba pantheon is emptied, for greater and lesser rulers of the visible and invisible abound, although the intercourse between the people tends to reduce the number and importance of the local and tutelary gods, and to increase the status of the *dii majores*. The Yoruba cosmogony is of the usual barbaric type—a solid vault of sky resting, discover-like, on the earth, like the two calabashes of other African beliefs, or the "hammered plate" which is the firmament of Hebrew and Chaldean creation-legends. Like neighbouring tribes, the Yorubas believe that man has a *kra*, or second self, which can quit the body at will; and to this they add a theory of three souls—one in the head, one in the stomach, and one in the great toe! But here we get into an atmosphere of psychological subtlety wherein neither Colonel Ellis nor his readers can see clearly or breathe freely, and where there is danger that the investigator may credit the barbaric mind with powers of ontology of which only Hindu metaphysic affords parallels.

The Yoruba brides are bought, apparently no relic of the rough custom of bride-capture surviving. The dead are buried with ceremonies as ruinously costly to the bereaved as is the canonisation of an ancestor to the Italian. On these and cognate matters Colonel Ellis has much that is entertaining and instructive to tell, but we regret that he in no case indicates the particular sources whence he has collected his varied materials, and that he has further impaired the usefulness of the book by not providing an index. An appendix gives copious comparative vocabularies of the Tshi, Ga, Ewe, and Yoruba languages, but our philological equipment is not "sufficient for these things." EDWARD CLODD.



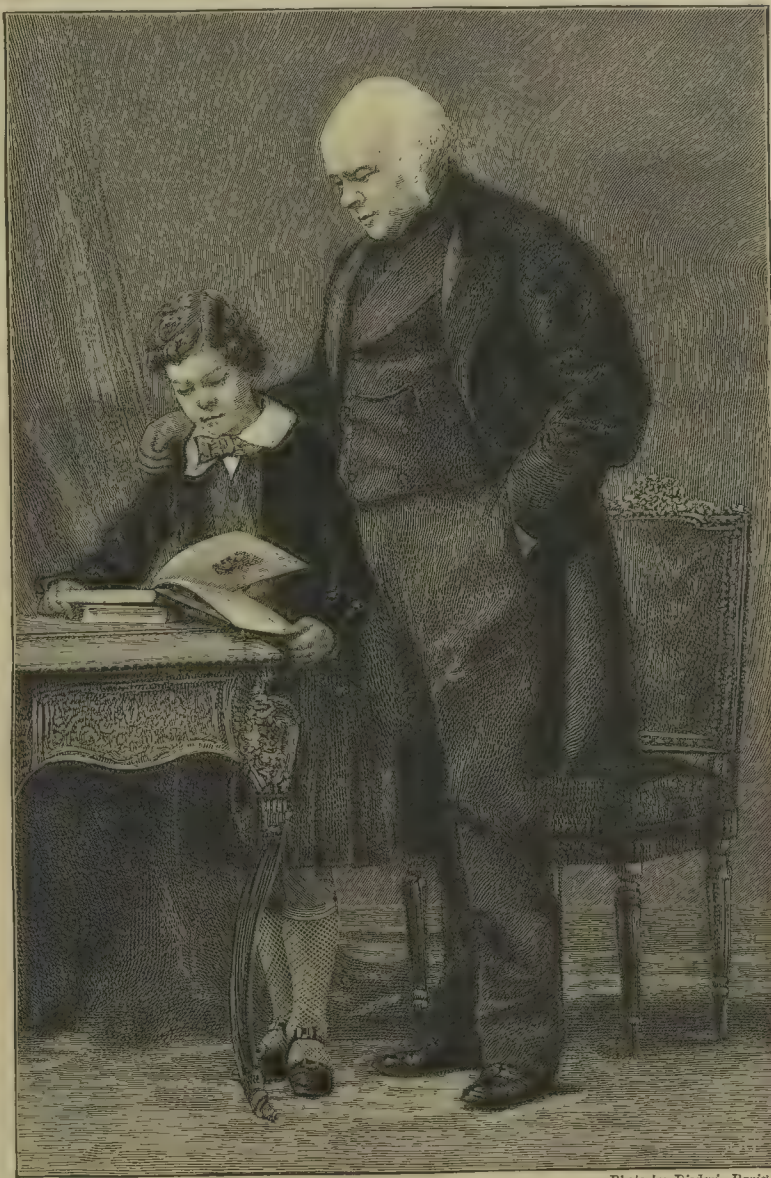
## AN HEREDITARY VICEROYALTY.

## THE TWO LORDS ELGIN.

The unique circumstance of a father and son holding successively the high office of Viceroy of India has been exemplified in the case of Lord Elgin, whose installation has just taken place. His father, the eighth Earl of Elgin, became Viceroy in March 1862. The portrait we reproduce represents the father and son as they appeared in 1859, when the father was at home for a short time on leave, between the two Chinese Wars of 1858 and 1860, in which he was our Plenipotentiary and Ambassador. The photograph was taken in Paris. The present Viceroy was then ten years old. The late Lord Elgin had, as everyone knows, a distinguished career; for he was Governor of Jamaica from 1842 to 1846; Governor-General of Canada from 1846 to 1854; and Plenipotentiary and Ambassador to China from 1857 to 1861. His reign in India as Viceroy was short and uneventful, commencing, as it did, in March 1862; and he died, on duty, while marching in the Himalayas, near Dharmasala, in the Punjab, on Nov. 20, 1863. His first connection with India was an act of self-denial and of prompt determination, which perhaps saved our empire in India, and which stamped him as a man who could be relied on in a great emergency. He had arrived at Singapore, on his way to China, in the spring of 1857, when the news of the Mutiny in India reached him. There were no telegraphs in those days, and Governors (and high officials generally) acted on their own responsibility, or did not act at all. For it would have taken more than two months to obtain orders from England, and in half that time the opportunity of affording sudden and unlooked-for succour to India would have been lost. Lord Elgin seized his opportunity at once, for he instantly ordered all the troops at his disposal to be sent to Calcutta; and as each transport sailed into the harbour at Singapore, she was ordered to turn round, and press on up the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta with all possible speed. When the ships arrived, Lord Canning, the then Viceroy, found himself, to his great relief and joy, suddenly provided with a strong contingent of English troops at a moment when he was most hard-pressed. There is no doubt that this sudden appearance in India of English troops, rising out of the sea, as it were, and almost before the news of the Mutiny could have reached England, had an immense effect on native opinion, and sent over many a waverer to our side. It also encouraged and put heart into our soldiers and our allies, who were fighting a desperate battle against overwhelming odds in Upper India. As each detachment of these unexpected troops, hurried to the front on post-carts and on camels, arrived at the scene of action, cheer upon cheer went up from our men for Lord Elgin, who had put aside all personal interests, and had at once grasped the magnitude of the crisis in which India was involved. Five years later, Lord Elgin himself succeeded Lord Canning as Viceroy; and, as he landed at Calcutta in March 1862, he must have thought of the time when, in 1857, it had depended on his decision and promptitude whether we should lose all Northern India but Calcutta, or whether we should at once recover our hold on the country, right up to Allahabad and Cawnpore, before our opponents knew that we had a single soldier between those places and the sea. Though he was a comparatively young man (being only fifty-one years of age), Lord Elgin's reign was destined to be a very short one. He had suffered for some years from heart complaint, though no immediate danger had been anticipated; but at the end of the summer of 1863 he determined, before returning to Calcutta, to go for a march through the Himalayas, for the sake of seeing the magnificent scenery and of making himself acquainted with the hill tribes. They had not proceeded for many marches into the interior when they came across one of those swinging bridges, made of twisted twigs, which are rarer now than they were then, but which are still the terror of the nervous or unaccustomed traveller in the Himalayas; for, being exceedingly elastic and loosely hung from supports on either side of the stream which they cross, they swing and bound about in the most alarming manner the moment anyone puts foot on them.

It was absolutely necessary that the bridge should be crossed, but Lord Elgin, who was stout and somewhat inactive, and who was known not to be in good health, was strongly urged to allow himself to be carried across. It is impossible to say now what motives decided him; but, whether from considerations of dignity or because he believed himself able to cross on foot, he declined all assistance and started to cross the bridge. A most painful scene then occurred. He had made but a few steps when the bridge began to oscillate fearfully. Unaccustomed to physical feats of any kind, he was equally unable to proceed or to return, or even to retain his balance where he was. It was evident that something must be done, and that instantly, or the Viceroy's life would be sacrificed; but his staff did not venture to approach him for fear of adding to the danger. After a few moments' consultation a couple of hill-men, to whom the twig-bridge was a veritable broad walk, were sent to him; and partly supporting and partly carrying him, they managed to bring him back to the side which he had left. It was at first hoped that a serious danger had been happily

escaped, and that the Viceroy would suffer no permanent harm from the peril which he had encountered; but as the hours passed, it soon became evident that his system had received a grave shock, and that the already enfeebled heart had been seriously affected. The tour was at once cut short, and the Viceroy was conveyed back to Dharmasala, 130 miles north of Lahore, and on the outer verge of the Himalayas. As the symptoms of danger did not abate, it became necessary to send for the very best medical advice which India could afford. This was, of course, only obtainable in Calcutta, and the question was how to procure it in time. The great railway which now runs from Calcutta to our frontier at Peshawur was then completed only to Benares (540 miles by the loop line), with another small portion (120 miles) open between Allahabad and Cawnpore. Anyone going from Calcutta to Lahore could go by rail to Benares (540 miles), then eighty-eight miles by post-cart to Allahabad, and then 120 miles to Cawnpore by rail. At Cawnpore he was about 700 miles from Dharmasala in a straight line via Delhi and Amritsar; and on the whole of this 700 miles there was not a mile of railway open. To do this distance by post-cart would have taken at least seven days, besides the two days from Calcutta to Cawnpore, or nine days in all. The two days from Calcutta to Cawnpore could not be abridged by any possible method; but the seven days from Cawnpore to Dharmasala might be, if some quicker mode of conveyance than a post-cart could be adopted. Before the great Presidency surgeon who was summoned from Calcutta



TWO RULERS OF INDIA:

JAMES, EIGHTH EARL OF ELGIN, FORMER VICEROY; AND HIS SON, VICTOR ALEXANDER, THE PRESENT VICEROY.

could reach Cawnpore, although he started at once and travelled right through without halt, a complete line of riding camels, with double seats for a driver and a passenger, was established from Cawnpore through Etah, Aligarh, Delhi, Amballa, and Amritsar, to the foot of the hills below Dharmasala. It was not only that the camels had to be collected and stationed at their posts; but in order to make it possible for a man, however strong and devoted, to ride 700 miles on camels without rest or pause, it was necessary to have every camel easy-paced, every driver steady and energetic, and every thing arranged so that the least possible fatigue and exposure should fall to the rider who had undertaken this almost impossible task. It was luckily the cold weather and not the hot, or the ride could not have been accomplished; it was the middle of November, when an Indian sun has lost much of its power, and when everything is cool and green, from the rains, which are over, and the winter, which is just beginning. The Calcutta doctor was luckily a strong man in the prime of life, and, spurred by the great emergency and the urgent call for his professional help, he pressed on night and day, in the bright sunshine and in the cold starlight, across sandy plains, through dense forests and rushing rivers, by great cities and humble hamlets, never resting, never even slackening his pace, till he reached the hills below Dharmasala. Then, exchanging his camels for horses, he rode up the mountain and reached the place where the Viceroy lay on the fourth day after leaving Cawnpore.

The great task was done, the almost impossible feat was accomplished, but, alas! in vain. The Viceroy was even then beyond the reach of human help, and he died a few days afterwards.

A. C. T.

## ART NOTES.

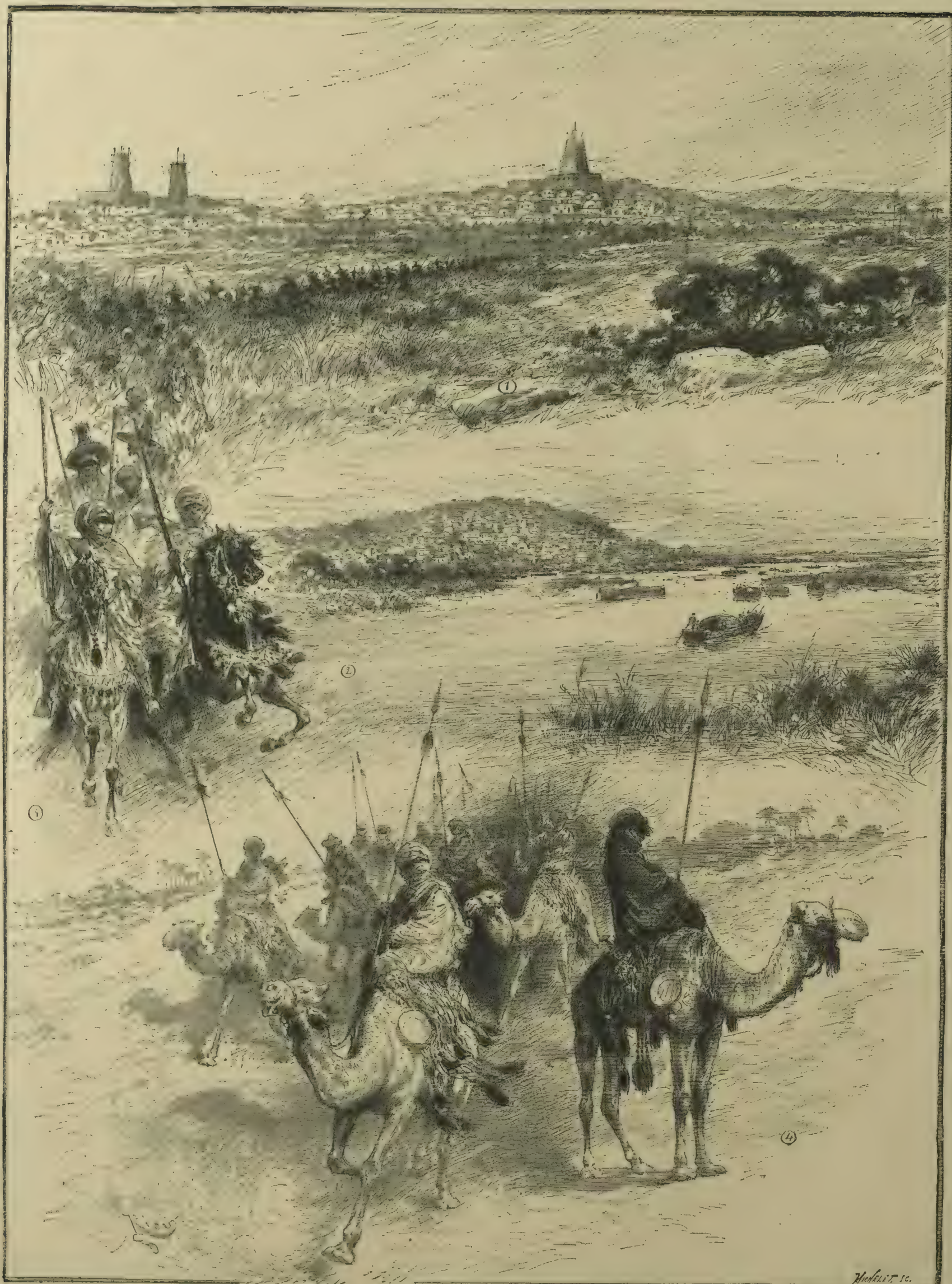
We must count, after all, with symbolism and impressionism—and, therefore, it is as well that we should see at once the aims and intentions of their best exponent. Mr. Wilson Steer, by the liberality of the managers of the Goupil Gallery, is enabled to take advantage of this opportunity; and, however much we may fail to appreciate both the painter's goal and his methods of attaining it, we must recognise that he shows no lack of talent or industry. In some of his slighter studies about Boulogne and his sketches on the Thames, notably in Sion House and Kew Bridge, he displays some of the very finest qualities in a painter by his delicate appreciation of atmospheric effect; and in one picture, "Children Paddling" (11), the way in which the water is treated is quite masterful. In his figure studies Mr. Wilson Steer is to be seen at the least advantage. "The Lady in Grey" (18), one of his best, is an obvious imitation of Mr. Whistler, without that subtleness and complete draughtsmanship which place such an impassable gulf between Mr. Whistler and his imitators. It is not possible to suppose that that wayward but inspired artist would have painted otherwise than he has done had he known what would come of his leadership; but, while we recognise his high place among modern painters, we are not without some alarm as to the will-o'-the-wisp dance on which he is in danger of leading modern art.

The ingenious Russian peasantry seem to have been developing with rather restless rapidity a taste for ancient art, not with the view of enjoying the possession of its treasures, but of passing them off upon eager collectors. It seems, from a recent statement by M. Reinach, that within the last fifteen years a regular system of manufacturing antiquities has been carried on in certain villages of Southern Russia, especially in the governments of Kherson and Taurida. It is admitted that the imitations are often as good as the originals might be—supposing any originals to exist, for the modern Russians of those parts seem to have inherited a highly inventive faculty from their Greek ancestors. The objects are especially confined to gold and silver ornaments, in which the Crimea is generally said to have been at one time peculiarly rich. The Museum of Odessa has not escaped imposition; and it is even whispered that the antiquaries and archaeologists of that city have on more than one occasion devoted the time of their meetings to the discussion and admiration of objects of very doubtful origin. The remarkable thing about these forgeries, apart from the skill shown in working in an antique style, is the knowledge of ancient Greek which the forgers display. In one case an inscription of six hundred letters was introduced into an ornament, and no grammatical or orthographical fault was discovered by those by whom it was examined. Terra-cotta figures more or less resembling those of Tanagra are also produced in large numbers in some districts of Southern Russia, but these are chiefly exported, while the gold and silver objects are retained for home consumption.

The recently issued report of the National Gallery shows the practical working of the system under which the trustees are allowed to carry on to the next year the unexpended portion of their annual grant for the purchase of pictures. In the most profuse times a limit of £5000 was set by the Treasury, beyond which it was impossible for the director to go, whatever tempting offer might be made to him. Last year four pictures were purchased costing £5030, of which £1250 was paid for the two pictures of the rare Dutch master, Willem Cornelis Duyster, previously the property of Mr. Romer Williams; £3045 for the Ruysdael seashore piece, which came from the Bingham collection; and £735 for Romney's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. William Lindow, which was exhibited two years ago at Burlington House. The Clarke Bequest furnished funds amounting to £837 10s., of which George Mason's, "The Cast Shoe," was bought at the Stewart Hodgson sale, absorbed £682 10s. The specimen by the once-popular Augustus L. Egg, R.A., "Beatrix Knighting Esmond" was obtained for a hundred guineas, showing a sad falling off in the artist's popularity; and £50 was given for a little specimen of George B. Willcock—"Chilton Lane, Torquay"—a painter who followed somewhat obscurely in the wake of Constable, and left no greater reputation after his death than he had obtained during his lifetime. The most important presentations to the Gallery were Frederick Walker's "Harbour of Refuge," by Mr. William Agnew; a sea-piece of the elder Vernet (Claude Joseph), by Mrs. Tarratt; and Ford Madox Brown's "Christ Washing St. Peter's Feet," by a body of subscribers desirous of removing the reproach from London art galleries of not possessing a single specimen of this painter's work.

The historical picture of "Cardinal Bouchier and the Widow of Edward IV." is by another of that estimable race of *pictores ignoti*, John Zephaniah Bell, who, like George Willcock, seems to be promised posthumous honours. Possibly these two pictures, as well as the portrait of Mrs. Bellenden Ker, in the costume of an Italian peasant girl, by Sir Charles Eastlake, and the somewhat hard "View in Hampshire," by Patrick Nasmyth, will find their way eventually to Mr. Tate's gallery when it is built. It is, of course, impossible for the trustees of the National Gallery to avoid bequests as easily as they can discourage donors of uninteresting pictures; but they might at least abstain from stimulating intending testators to this mode of obtaining future fame by not spending public money upon purely imitative work, as that of George Willcock.





1. View of Timbuctoo.

2. Gun-boats at Kabara, on the Niger.

3. Timbuctoo Horsemen.

4. Touaregs on Camels.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO TIMBUCTOO.





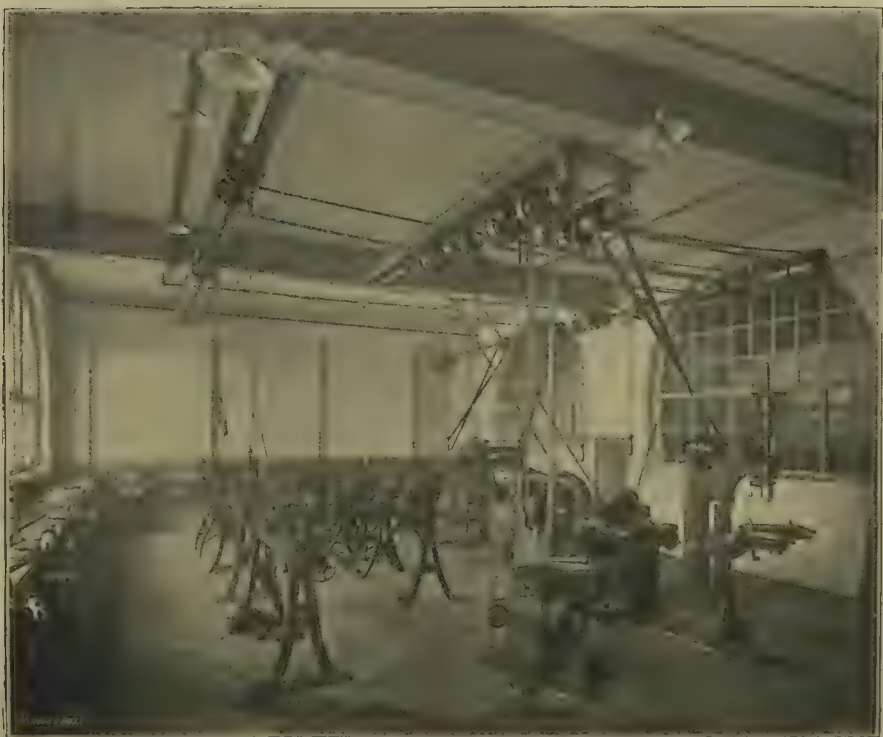
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WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM.



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### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A prominent member of the Evangelical school, the Rev. Dr. Waller, preached the sermon on Messianic Prophecy at Oxford the other Sunday, and spoke strongly against High Churchism and higher criticism. He complained against the former that it required confession and absolution to be ministered by a priesthood neither mentioned in the Old Testament nor in the New; and of the latter he said that it denied the omniscience of the Messiah, and subjected His utterances to correction by the words of fallible men.

Mr. Illingworth is delivering the Bampton Lectures at Oxford; the first discourse was, it is said, full of interest and promise. It carried the hearers back to the time when T. H. Green was a great force in the University.

It is an honourable certificate to the Rev. J. W. Horsley, who is going from Woolwich to Walworth, that during his service in Woolwich he has been, by the testimony of nearly all trade and friendly societies in the district, "a terror to slum-owners, rack-renters, and other exploiters of the poorest."

A long Life of the late Rev. Thomas Pelham Dale, well known through his imprisonment at the instance of the Church Association, has been published by his daughter. Miss Dale writes well, but the book is much too long for the subject, and it is stuffed out by rubbishy letters on the cosmogony of the Bible and similar subjects. Mr. Dale spent his last days in Lincolnshire, in the neighbourhood of the places most associated with Lord Tennyson; and of these some welcome glimpses are given, but they do little to relieve the general dullness of the narrative.

Do Evangelicals subscribe to the S.P.G.? The Rev. John F. Kitto says they do. "I have been," says Mr. Kitto, "an Evangelical as long as I have had any religious connections, and yet I have been for many years a subscriber to the S.P.G., and I have reason to know that there are many others in the same position."

The *Guardian* cautiously suggested that the Lords should insist on safeguarding the ownership of parish rooms, the use of school-rooms erected and managed by the Church; also on rejecting the "Cobb clause" for swamping parish charities, even although the result may be the loss of the Local Government Bill.

The Christian Social Union, after four years of vigorous and expanding life, has now provided itself with a constitution. It is definitely limited to priests of the Church of England, or anybody in full communion with her; and the objects are, first, to claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice; to study the application of moral and Christian truth to the social and economic difficulties of the present time; and, last, to present Christ in practical life as the living Master and King.

Canon Wilberforce will be a decided acquisition to the pulpit power of Westminster Abbey. He will divide the palm with Archdeacon Farrar as the most popular London preacher. His style of oratory is fervid and rousing, and his combination of High Churchism and Evangelicalism is attractive to the masses. Canon Wilberforce was an intimate friend of the late Mr. Spurgeon, who was more than once his guest at Southampton. He is known throughout the country by reason of his intense views on the temperance question. Great anxiety was excited concerning the eloquent Canon's health not long ago, but he has apparently quite recovered from the serious illness which laid him aside for many weeks. He has a keen appreciation of humour, and most of his platform stories ultimately serve as "travellers" among other temperance speakers.

Canon Knox-Little's Lenten addresses have, as usual, attracted large audiences in Oxford, and will doubtless have a like result when he comes to St. Paul's Cathedral to deliver them at the customary noon services which for years have been a feature at this period.

Dr. Parker has been conducting a mission at Bradford, where the interest in his services has been well sustained.

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### CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W S FENELLOSA (Salem, U.S.A.).—Your problem has a curious solution, and we hope to publish it.

E B SCHWANN (Wimbledon).—Your problem shall appear.

H D HIND.—Very neat, and marked for insertion.

C BURNETT.—Q takes P solves your problem. Your own solution also abounds in serious duals.

J C J (Merton).—We are not aware of any.

W J J KNIGHT (Hammersmith).—Thanks for notice, which is unfortunately crowded out this week.

F O D HOUER.—Problem sound, but spoiled by dual mates; and the idea is also very luckeyed.

MRS GRIER AND OTHERS.—There is no solution of No. 2600 by either King or Queen's Bishop taking Pawn.

A G STUBBS (Gloucester).—The problem shall be examined, but are you dealing quite fairly with your first editor? We will report later on its merits.

C W (Sunbury).—We are very glad to hear again from an old popular favourite like yourself.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2589 received from G E Bottomley (Melbourne); of 2597 from W F Jones (Belleville); of No. 2599 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and Charles Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2600 from G Joicey, Dr G Brown (Farnham), and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2601 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), G Rauch (Constantinople), Hereward, Emile Frau, Dr G Brown, J D Tucker (Leeds), J F Moon, O Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), James McClure (Leeds), R Arfwedson (Sweden), John McRobert (Crossgar), E G Boys, J E Gore, W B (Melksham), and Mrs E M Grier (Hednesford).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2602 received from Captain J A Challice, E G Boys, C D (Camberwell), Blair Cochrane (Clew), W David (Cardiff), T Roberts, Henry Brandreth, M A Eyre (Folkestone), E Emmerton, Sorrento, Martin F, L Desanges, Albert Wolff, J M Flott (Bromley), E E H, L Beirant (Bruges), Frank H Rollison, T G (Ware), John C Jackson, R H Brooks, H S Brandreth, H C Chancellor (Cophthorne), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), R Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, A Newman, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), G Joicey, Admiral Brandreth, J D Tucker, W R B (Plymouth), H B Hurford, Edward J Sharpe, Alpha, C E Perugini, J Cond, Charles Burnett, Ubique, G T Hughes (Athy), M Burke, E Loudon, W R Raillem, F Glanville, J T T (Frampton), A J Haggood (Hasslar), A H Looock, Hereward, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), W P Hind, and W Wright.

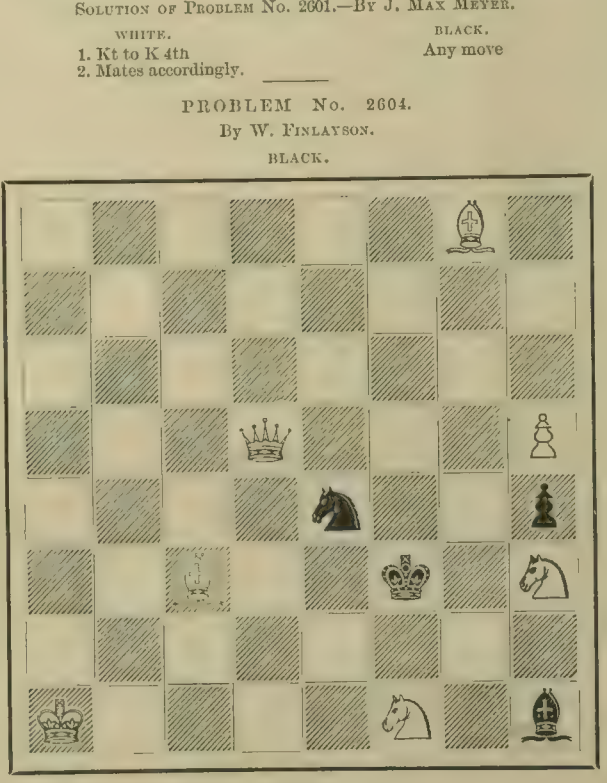
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2601.—By J. MAX MEYER.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 4th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2604.

By W. PINLATSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

### CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played in the match Surrey v. Sussex at Redhill between Messrs. E. BOWLEY and A. HOWELL.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	19.	B to Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	20. K to R sq	B to Q 2nd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. Q to B 2nd	Kt (K 4) to Kt 5
4. P takes P		22. Kt to B sq	Kt to K 5th
It may be questioned whether the capture is advisable for White, one objection being that Black's Q B is released, and has now a free diagonal at his disposal—a very important point.			
5. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	23. B to Q 3rd	B to B 4th
6. Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	24. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt (K 5th) takes P (ch)
7. Castles	B to K 3rd	Very good and sound play; destructive also of White's last hopes.	
8. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	25. B takes Kt	B takes B
9. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	26. Q to R 4th	Kt takes B (ch)
10. R to K sq	Q to B 2nd	27. K to Kt sq	R to K B sq
11. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	28. R to K sq	B takes Kt
12. R takes R (ch)	K R to K sq	29. K takes B	Kt to Q 6th
13. P to Q B 4th	R takes R	30. R to K 4th	Q takes R P
14. B to K 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th	31. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 8th (ch)
15. P takes P	P takes P	32. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to R 3rd
16. P to Q 5th	P to B 4th	33. Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 8th (ch)
17. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th	34. K to K 2nd	Kt to B 5th (ch)
18. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Q 3rd	35. K to B 2nd	P to K R 3rd
19. Q to R 4th	B to Q R 4th	36. P to Q 6th	P to Kt 4th
		37. P to Q 7th	Q to Kt 7th (ch)
		38. K to K sq	Q takes K Kt P

The Queen is here too far from home, but there are attractions in the shape of

*The Principles of Chess.* By James Mason. (Horace Cox, London.)—It is a pleasure to meet a book like this, in which the author has struck out a method of his own, and handles his subject with a freshness and independence of thought that is at least uncommon in modern works on chess. In dealing with the elements of the game, Mr. Mason, by his clear and simple explanations, together with their illustrative diagrams, excels, in our opinion, anything else of the kind we have yet seen. Equally good are the chapters on practical chess, that on combination being just such as might be expected from a master of the author's rank, while another on maxims represents the fruit of an experience in serious play second to none. We do not agree with all that is said, and in a few of his judgments Mr. Mason adopts a tone too confident for such disputed points. But much can be forgiven an author capable of a vigorous exposition of his views, and we give the book a warm welcome, believing it of special value to all beginners who want to make progress in their knowledge of the game.

The Metropolitan beat the Athenaeum at the rooms of the latter club on Feb. 14, with a score of 12½ to 7½. The feature of the contest was a fine game won for the losers by Mr. Carr against Mr. Loman.

In the A division of the London Chess League's matches the North London was successful against the City News Room with a score of 10½ to 9½, and the City Club defeated the Athenaeum with a score of 14½ to 5½. The City Club now heads the list, having won all the matches it has played, and its meeting with the Metropolitan, on March 15, will be the great feature of these contests.

In the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Lasker all arrangements are now complete. The contest will commence in New York on the second week of March.

### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There have been some handsome dresses produced for the first Drawing-Room. Pink and blue, the once dangerous combination, is in these times of delicate and refined colouring one of the most successful of contrasts. A train from the shoulders of pale-blue moiré had a lining of pink satin, which showed at the waist, where the train was looped a little; down the left side it was trimmed with white crêpe embroidered in pink and blue, which was fixed on with blue knots of ribbons and pink roses in large clusters. The petticoat and bodice were of cream satin, with flounce and berthe of old Brussels lace, fixed with clusters of pink roses. Another Court dress was of pink satin brocaded with forget-me-nots, the clusters in the pattern tied up in bunches with silver ribbon—a most lovely fabric. Bodice and train of this were edged with beaver fur, and the petticoat of silver brocade was also trimmed with fur, arranged in an arabesque above a flounce of lace. Another pink and green dress had an eau-de-nil moiré bodice and petticoat, the ornamentation on the petticoat being five pyramidal insertions of alternately pink and pale green soft silk, accordion pleated; the train was emerald-green velvet, lined pink. Violet, in all its tones, from palest mauve to deepest and most regal depths of shadow, was perhaps, however, the most popular colour. A superbly stately Court gown was a dark violet velvet train, with points taken up and falling from each shoulder and crossed at the waist, so as to show the bodice in between them at the back; the corsage being of a rich satin of the pale tone of violet seen in the flower named after the Czar, and trimmed with white lace and trails of violets by way of berthe. The petticoat was also of the satin, trimmed down with rouleaux of the same velvet as composed the train, while a flounce of Irish point was vandyked round near the foot, and looped up with violets. Amethyst satin brocaded with huge flowers in a darker violet velvet formed the material of a train worn over a petticoat and bodice of white and silver brocade. The lining of the train, falling from one shoulder only, so that its underneath was seen, was of a charming shot satin in tones of violet that seemed to pale in some lights almost to grey, and so harmonised with the silver threads beautifully.

Black and grey were so much worn as to indicate that mourning is the portion of too many families. Black moiré, however, after having been so long absent from the scene, is now positively the most popular of materials for all smart dress purposes, and not worn as mourning particularly. A typical gown of this kind had a black moiré train, trimmed down the centre with a wide strip of black silk gauze embroidered beautifully with pansies, laid quite straight on the moiré; the petticoat was of the new material called "arabesque moiré," which is a brocaded silk, with the "watering" done over the pattern, giving a curious and rich effect. A very deep, slightly frilled basque of the pansy-embroidered net drawn up over the hips to end under the train was a feature of this gown; and the net was also used to make a frill round the décolletage. Another black moiré train was lined with peach-blossom satin, and had black feathers and pale heliotrope orchids for trimming; the back of the petticoat was curiously arranged in four deep very full flounces of the peach satin, which showed prettily under the train, while the front and sides of the skirt were black moiré, relieved by the colour of the orchids round the foot—altogether a handsome gown.

In most amusing contrast to these conventional, costly, and inconvenient Court gowns, these veritable white elephants of the costume world, was the next set of new fashions that I was called on to inspect—a show of "Rational" cycling dresses, at a soirée given by the Association of Lady Cyclists, at the Queen's Hall, the fine new building in Langham Place. The ladies had not the courage to show themselves in person on the platform in their new habits, but portraits of twenty different dresses on as many lady amateur riders were shown through the lantern, by Mr. H. P. Chandler. It was not quite a fair test, though the portraits were excellently taken and shown; but they did look so appallingly huge! Mr. C. W. Hartung delivered the accompanying address in a humorous and sensible style. He observed that the lady cyclists suffer terribly from what he smilingly described as "the obsolete skirt"—an expression which produced a chorus of remonstrance from some of the gentlemen in the room. The ordinary skirt, he stated, catches the wind, and so increases the resistance that the wearer has about twice the work to get along that a "Rational" dress requires from her—a sad handicap for the weaker sex. Besides, however skilful she be, she is always liable to serious accident from her dress blowing into some of the works of the machine. Though the "Rational" dresses shown differed in detail, they had all one general idea—namely, knickerbockers, worn with gaiters. The difference between the French and the English ladies' costumes was very marked in one particular: all the Englishwomen had some amount of skirt to their tunics, something below the waist which served to drape the figure and conceal its conspicuous lines; while the Frenchwomen boldly wore the knickers without any skirt to the tunic or coat at all—much bolder and quite needlessly so.

The most sensible of the native designs had only skirt enough to reach the mud-guard of the machine as the wearer was seated. These were certainly essentially modest clothing, if the eye be once habituated to seeing that women are biped. In pattern, the tunics varied from the loose, comfortable Norfolk jacket, as worn by Miss Gertie Vant and Mrs. Albert Bonsor, to a smart tailor-coat, with a full basque, a trimly defined waist, and a stiff linen collar and little "dickey," worn by Mrs. H. L. Clark when riding. I said above that a considerable proportion of the gentlemen present at the lantern display howled good-natured but emphatic disapproval of the notion that the ordinary dress skirt is abandoned for good by their cycling sisters. On the other hand, many men are helping the women who want a rational dress; nearly all the ladies who have yet ventured on wearing this dress have got either a husband or a father who has been willing to ride with them when they wear it, because glad to see them relieved of the burden and danger of the skirt. In any matter of innovation in dress women can do nothing except by the permission of the men of their own families.



He called the waiter to his side,  
And asked for one good cup,  
And when 'twas brought, to his delight  
The *Times* was given up;  
No longer now behind the *Times*,  
He said quite pleasantly:  
"I'm up to date now with the *Times*  
And MAZAWATTEE TEA!"



THE LUCKY CHRYSOPRASE JEWELLERY, SET WITH GEMS, FOR WEDDING AND OTHER PRESENTS.



## GIACOMO PUCCINI.

In Italy Giacomo Puccini is the musical man of the hour. His "Manon Lescaut" has brought him within fair reach of fame. The news-agencies tell us that it has just been triumphantly received in Naples, and little less so in Milan.

And even when we discount their statement at about the current rate, the fact that last year it was a huge success in Turin still remains. I happened to be in the *città di vermouth* at the time and can vouch for the truth of it. 'Tis ten years ago almost to a day since Massenet's "Manon" saw the light at the Opéra

for he died when only forty-four. He left a son, Michele, born to him but three years before his death. Michele became the director of the Instituto Municipale of his native Lucca, and composed sacred and operatic music, as his forbears had done before him. Two of these latter works, "Antonio Foscarini" and "Cattani, o la Rivoluzione degli Straccioni," obtained success. Of this man, Giacomo Puccini is the son. He was born in 1858, just six years before his father died. Besides him there were five other children; and a grateful community, having buried Michele with public honours, bestowed a small annuity upon his widow. This was all they had to subsist upon.

Each of these youngsters studied music, and as they grew up the poor mother found her allowance miserably inadequate; but she fought bravely on, and in the course of time some relatives came to her assistance. It was not long before young Giacomo outdistanced his brothers in their studies, and, noting his extraordinary gifts, one Doctor Cerù, who had been a friend of the father's, relieved the mother of Giacomo's maintenance. But misfortune came to this good doctor, and he was forced to abandon his protégé. It was now found to be above all necessary that the boy should attend some Conservatorio. But how to pay the fees? This was a weighty question—a well-nigh insuperable obstacle. At length, on the advice of friends, an application for the cost of a year's tuition at the Milan Conservatorio was made to the Crown. In memory of the good work done by the dead and gone Puccinis, the application was granted, and young Giacomo entered at the school and became a pupil of Amilcare Ponchielli and the Cavaliere Bazzini.

Progress was rapid, but time was even more so; and before they were any of them aware of it, the year had come to its end. He could not again apply for aid to the same quarter, so he made a supreme effort and completed his course with the composition of a *symphonia capricciosa*, which was described on all hands as most brilliant. The fact that it was successfully performed at four different centres speaks well for it. He took his diploma and left the Conservatorio. Now began the struggle in real earnest. He found himself in that position which is so symbolic of our time; where a young artist, unable to find the wherewithal to continue learning, is forced to fall back upon teaching. This is distinctly one of our latter-day paradoxes.

Just then there came the timely aid of Edoardo Sonzogno—that self-same aid that lifted Pietro Mascagni from obscurity to fame. The impresario announced a *concorso*. Giacomo forthwith determined he would try his chance, and one morning—this was in August of 1883—while returning from Lecco, he found himself in the same railway compartment with Fontana, the librettist. Here was fortune playing into his hands. Fontana had heard the young maestro's symphony, and had been impressed with it. More than that, he had detected in it a strongly marked tendency towards the fantastic, with which he felt himself to be in sympathy. He would write a fantastic libretto for this young man, and he should enter it for the *concorso*. There was no time to lose. By the first days of September it was complete; a few weeks later it was

set to music and handed in to the judges. The composer had not even the time to make a fair copy of it. This opera was "Le Villi." Then began the anxious time of suspense consequent upon all such trials of strength. But with Puccini it was not to be as with his confrère Mascagni, for "Le Villi" failed.

With this rebuff, something like despair came over the young composer. After many a sigh he put the work away in his desk. And there it would no doubt have remained till now had it not been for two who were good friends to him and to their art. The first of these was Arrigo Boito (than whom a kindlier spirit never breathed); the other was Marco Sala. Not only did they place their advice, but more than that, their means at the disposal of young Puccini. They were afterwards joined by Emilio Treves (the well-known Milanese book-publisher), and Giulio Litta, and it was through the joint aid of these friends that "Le Villi" was produced at the Teatro dal Verme in June 1884. It followed in Turin in December of the same year, and at La Scala of Milan in January 1885. In each instance it was entirely successful. Since then Puccini has written none too much, and seems in no way inclined to lay himself open to the ever-ready charge of over-productivity. His "Edgar" was produced at the Scala in 1889, and his last work, "Manon Lescaut," at the Regio of Turin on Feb. 1, 1893. He is in the good hands of Ricordi, and is distinctly the coming man, if, indeed, he has not come already. We can, on our part, but await with warm interest the fulfilment of Sir Augustus Harris's promise to include "Manon Lescaut" in the Covent Garden repertoire of the approaching season.

CHARLES WILLEBY.

The Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt, at a meeting on Feb. 23, resolved to send a deputation to Lord Rosebery, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to protest against the scheme of constructing an irrigation dam on the Nile above Assouan, which involves the submersion of the island and temples of Philæ, as recommended by the Technical Commission of the Egyptian Government. Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff was present, and said a few words on behalf of Mr. Garstin, his successor as Under-Secretary for Public Works at Cairo.

The Thames Conservancy Bill, now before Parliament, is opposed by the Berks County Council and representatives of other local interests along the Upper Thames, a river length of 119 miles from Staines up to Cricklade. By this Bill, there would be twenty-five members of the Board for the Lower Thames, and only four representing the counties of Berks, Bucks, Oxfordshire, Wiltshire and Gloucestershire. It is objected also that the powers to be given to the Conservators, to prevent the pollution of the river by excessive penalties, are too arbitrary, and that they are to extend over an area unnecessarily large, including every stream and brook far away from the banks of the Thames; and prohibiting the formation of wharves, landing-places, or quays. The contributions from the London water companies, with small exceptions, go to the Upper Thames Navigation Fund, which ought, as at present, to be kept distinct.

# 'TIS HEAVEN ITSELF THAT POINTS TO THE HEREAFTER.

Socrates taught that THIS LIFE COULD NOT END ALL.

Addison.

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET!

Use is Life, and he most truly lives who uses best. The Blacksmith's arm and the Statesman's brain. The most truly living body is the most active in decay; the more bodily and mental vigour are displayed, the more quickly do the various tissues melt down into substances which are without delay removed by the excreting organs. The more the Blacksmith works his arms and the Statesman his brain, the heavier bulk of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen is thrown out by the lungs, liver, skin, and kidneys.

Do they then wear them out by this constant friction and drain?

No, no; the more the bricks are removed from the old wall, the more new bricks will a good builder put in; and so, provided that the supply is sufficient—that the builder is a good one—the more rapid the drain, the newer and stronger and better the body will become.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the best and simplest preparation for regulating the action of the liver that has yet been discovered. It prevents diarrhoea. It removes effete gouty, rheumatic matter, or any form of poison from the blood. No one should go for a change of air without a supply of this invaluable preparation.

FROM the late Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields: "November 1, 1873. Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'FRUIT SALT,' I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaint that I think you may well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL.—To J. C. ENO, Esq."

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" contains the valuable saline constituents of ripe fruit, and is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure; and fevers and epidemics prevented.

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## THE RENEWAL OF LIFE.

The Want of Nutriment is the Cause of Disease. Hot Milk—the Champagne of Life, and only perfect Human Builder.

As Milk is the only perfect food (slowly sipped), these facts prove the great importance of Milk (when sipped hot) in Health and Disease.

When you have drawn an Overdraft on the Bank of Life, hot milk is the only true food for the prevention of disease—Influenza, Fagged, Wear, or Worn Out, Excitement, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, General Weakness, PREMATURE DEATH, or in any form of Physical or Mental Strain. Use hot milk (sipped) day and night, and when necessary take ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." By that means you produce a natural flow of healthy bile.

A New Life of Joy and Sunshine. By the use of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," the hot milk, which otherwise might produce biliousness and other disasters, will agree with you.

It prevents diarrhoea. It





SHAVING IN CAMP.—Drawn by THOMAS ROWLANDSON, 1789.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



## MUSIC.

Such isolated operatic performances as that of "The Bohemian Girl" given at Drury Lane on the afternoon of Feb. 26—a repetition, "in consequence of its great success," of the jubilee representation that took place in November—serve only to emphasise the poverty-stricken state of affairs now existing, so far as opera is concerned, in the Metropolis. We have been without opera ever since the end of July, and there seems every likelihood of our remaining so until the middle of May. Nor would it be easy to prove one's words were one to assert that the public has shown a symptom of regret at the deprivation. It is, indeed, more than ever palpable that our music-loving population can do as well without opera as with it. The supply alone creates the demand, and the extent of the latter depends purely upon the amount of loss that an impresario is prepared to face in order to tickle the palates of his supporters with sufficiently attractive material. Cheap opera evidently does not pay, or Sir Augustus Harris would not have let the autumn and winter slip away without some sort of round at his favourite pastime. The big provincial cities are, relatively speaking, much better off. At Liverpool an eight-weeks season is just approaching its termination, and thence the Carl Rosa Company goes on to Manchester for another long visit of six weeks. Meanwhile, all that we have to show in London for the past seven months is a couple of performances of "The Bohemian Girl." Truly the record is not a gratifying one.

Of orchestral music, on the other hand, we are having no lack, and in this direction the appetite of amateurs seems to grow by what it feeds upon. The London Symphony Concerts, whose continued existence a year or two ago was a matter of the gravest doubt, have developed a popularity that is unmistakable. The programme of the sixth concert (Feb. 22) was by no means remarkable either for wealth or attractiveness of material, yet it drew an audience ample enough to fill every part of St. James's Hall. The fact is, Mr. Henschel has enormously increased his reputation as a conductor, and the performances of his orchestra may now be looked forward to with a certainty of unmingled pleasure. The most exacting connoisseur could not have wished for a more finished rendering of Schumann's symphony in D minor than that vouchsafed at the above concert; while Hans Richter himself could hardly have secured a broader, more sonorous, or more delicate interpretation of the "Fannyhanser" overture. Of the individual efforts of the evening, Mlle. Ilona Eibenschütz's playing in Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto was perhaps open to criticism—not from a mechanical standpoint, for there it was all but faultless; but as too superficial a reading of a masterpiece that demands intellectuality as well as brilliancy. It would have been impossible, however, to pick a hole in Miss Marie Brema's delivery of Brahms's gloomy "Rhapsody" for contralto solo, male chorus, and orchestra. Here the artistic perception of the singer was from first to last on a level with the exalted spirit of her theme.

A couple of small but interesting novelties were

introduced at the recent concert of the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society. One of these was from the pen of Mr. Santley, whose abilities as a composer, too long kept in the background, are now beginning to obtain frequent and well-merited recognition. The eminent artist himself came forward to conduct the performance of his "Cradle Song" in F for small orchestra, and had good reason to be gratified with its reception. It proved to be a charming little piece, brimful of melodious ideas, and scored alike with skill and distinction. The other novelty, a setting by Mr. John Pointer of Scott's "Song of Haffager" for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, made manifest a gift for dramatic characterisation, but the general effect of the music was spoilt by an over-elaborate employment of instrumental colour and device. At the same concert Mr. Hamish MacCunn directed a spirited rendering of his clever and picturesque ballad, "The Ship o' the Fiend."

Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim appeared side by side at the Popular Concert of Feb. 26, and gave, as usual, an incomparable performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins. The treat of hearing these two artists together, albeit an annual one, is of the kind that "custom cannot stale," and it was intensely enjoyed by a crowded audience. Of course, an encore was demanded, and, in accordance with their general plan, the distinguished players repeated the beautiful slow movement. Mlle. Eibenschütz was recalled no fewer than four times after an interesting and thoughtful performance of Beethoven's sonata in C minor, Op. 111, but sensibly declined to play another piece. An emphatic success was won at this concert by Miss Dale, a young soprano gifted with a charming voice, admirably trained, and an extremely pleasing, sympathetic style.

A new steel torpedo-boat, the Harrier, has been launched at Devonport Dockyard.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Statistical Society, Lord George Hamilton read an instructive paper on "Ocean Highways and the Food and Wages of Great Britain," showing the national need of naval protection of commerce at sea.

Canada has lost her first national poet, Charles Sangster. He it was who more than any of his fellow-poets found inspiration in the solemnity of Canadian mountains and forests and in the laughter of Canadian rivers and rapids. He has well been called the Canadian Wordsworth, and like Wordsworth he lived to see two generations succeed his own. But though Canadians thought and wrote of Sangster as one of the best exponents of their national aspirations, he found it a hard struggle to earn even the necessities of life by his pen, and when relief did come to him in the shape of a Civil Service appointment, the monotony of the work left him no heart for poetry. Almost for twenty years he was silent, and only now that he has passed quietly away amid the bustling activity of the Ontario city of Kingston do Canadians realise how much their literature suffers by the loss of the singer of the "thunderous Chaudière," the "Carnival of Isles," the St. Lawrence, and the Saguenay.

## OBITUARY.

SIR GERALD DALTON-FITZGERALD.

Sir Gerald Richard Dalton-FitzGerald, Bart., of Castle Ishen, county Cork, died at his residence in Lowndes Square on Feb. 22. He was son of Sir James FitzGerald, Bart., by Augusta, his wife, sister of the first Baron Cottesloe. The baronetcy, which Sir Gerald claimed to have succeeded to, was conferred in 1644 on Sir Edmund FitzGerald, of Clenglish. In 1780 Richard FitzGerald, of Castle Ishen, the great-grandfather of Sir Gerald, placed on official record his descent from Sir Edmund of Clenglish and his right to the title. The late Baronet, who was born in 1832, married, Jan. 15, 1861, Agnes Georgiana, daughter of Mr. George Wildes, of Elm Bank, Manchester, but had no issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Peter Merrik Hoare, at his seat, Luscombe Castle, Dawlish, Devon, on Feb. 22. Mr. Hoare, who was M.P. for the county of Southampton 1868 to 1874, was eldest son of Mr. Peter Hoare, of Luscombe, by Lady Sophia Marsham, his wife, daughter of the Earl of Romney. He married, first, in 1865, Edith Augusta, daughter of the Rev. Edmond Strong, and by her, who died in 1880, leaves issue. Mr. Hoare married secondly, Margaret Joanna, daughter of Mr. John Bell.

Dame Isabella Frances Deane, wife of the Right Hon. Sir James Parker Deane, P.C., Q.C., on Feb. 17. She was daughter of Mr. Wyborn, of Easry, Kent.

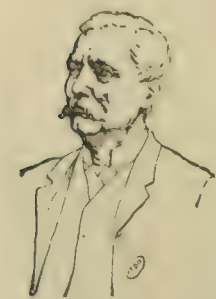
Major-General George Carden, at his residence, Douglas Towers, Bromley, Kent, on Feb. 12. The late General, who was born in 1838, served with the 77th Regiment in the Crimea, and afterwards in the Indian Mutiny with the 5th Fusiliers. In 1866 he married Mary Gertrude, daughter of Mr. Henry Blaine, of Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope.

Lieutenant-General Cornwallis Oswald Maude, at Cheltenham, on Feb. 9. He was son of the Hon. and Rev. John Charles Maude, and grandson of Viscount Hawarden. General Maude was born Aug. 24, 1823, and became Judge-Advocate-General of the Bombay Army in 1876. He married, first, in 1848, Jane, daughter of Major Stokoe, which lady died in 1861. The late General married, secondly, in 1867, Emily Maria Christina, daughter of Mr. R. T. Goddard, who also predeceased her husband in 1889.

Major-General FitzRoy Fremantle, C.B., at his residence, Chuffs, Maidenhead, on Feb. 12. He was second son of Major-General John Fremantle, C.B., Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. General FitzRoy Fremantle was born on Dec. 15, 1836, and served with the Rifle Brigade in the Crimean War. He commanded the woosack party of the Light Division at the assault of the Redan, where he was severely wounded. He married, in 1862, Julia, daughter of Sir Guy Campbell, Bart., and leaves issue.

## SERVANTS' CHARACTERS.

A good housekeeper would never think of engaging a servant without a character, and she would want that reference from a genuine source. Now we (The Homoea Co.) do not ask the British public to take us on our own statement, but we publish testimonials such as no proprietor of Patent Medicines has ever received; simply because no remedy has ever done the work of Homoea.



"Whitehall, London.  
"Dear Sir,—Your ointment called Homoea was found to be the most soothing and efficacious unguent that I could possibly have for my fractured limb, as it seems to retain longer than any other that oleaginousness so requisite for perfect and efficient massage. The fault of embrocations, generally, is that they harden and require warmth, whereas yours, besides being particularly aromatic, is as soft as oil, and almost instantly mollifying in the case of severe inflammation.—Yours faithfully,  
"HENRY M. STANLEY."

## HOMOCEA versus RHEUMATISM.

"Hillside, Bracknell, Berks,  
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"LADY KEANE has much pleasure in recommending Homoea as an invaluable remedy for Rheumatism, Cuts, Bruises, Piles, Sprains, &c.: she thinks so highly of it that she would not be without it in the house, as it has entirely cured her of Rheumatism and other ailments. She can also testify to the healing properties of Hippocaea\* for stable use."

\* The Veterinary Preparation of Homoea.

## HOMOCEA versus RINGWORM CURED.

"Hoylake, Aug. 10, 1893.

"Dear Sirs,—I want to thank you for that wonderful preparation—Homoea, which we use for about everything; but lately my little girl had a bad ringworm on the head, and my doctor said her hair would have to be cut close. But I preferred using the Homoea, and in four days it was quite well, and the doctor said I ought to give you a testimonial, and I think so too.—Yours truly,  
"M. ALDRED."

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MR. J. W. C. FEGAN, of the Boy's Home, Southwark, London, says:—"It is not only a wonderful lubricant, but strongly antiseptic, and relieves inflammation and pain almost instantaneously. . . . We would not be without it."

"Homoea" should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, Police-Station, Hospital, and Institution—and wherever a Pain-Relieving, Soothing, and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing remedies has had such high testimony.

## SOMETHING ANNOYING.

Nothing puts an Englishman out quicker than to hear a man boasting of himself or of his own achievements. Let another praise you, they say; and unless someone does so, all he does is put down to brag. Now brag may be a good dog, but Holdfast is a better, and Homoea has a fast hold on the British public. And it is the endorsement of the public that has caused this New Remedy to spring so rapidly in favour. Our testimonials speak for themselves.

## HEMORRHOIDS.

"Mount Juliet, Thomas Town,  
"Oct. 28, 1891.

LORD CARRICK writes:—"I wish to testify to the good hand of God my Father upon me, in blessing your Homoea in healing me of Hemorrhoids. To Him be all the praise and glory. I suffered from this distressing malady for five months, during which time I tried various remedies, Hazeline, Ruspin, Styptic, Mist Gall, and an ointment prepared by the doctor, and had caustic applied twice but without any relief. I was advised to undergo a severe operation under ether as the only cure. At last I tried Homoea, and in two or three days the healing had begun, and in a fortnight I was cured. I strongly advise all those who suffer from this most distressing malady to give Homoea a trial."

## LAME FROM BLOW, STIFF ELBOW, SCURVY, &amp;c.

The EARL OF CARRICK writes further:  
"Mount Juliet, Thomas Town,  
"Feb. 17, 1892.

"Enclosed you have postal orders for 9s. Please send me three boxes of Homoea. I gave some to a labourer of mine who had a bad boil on his side, and a stone fell on his leg above the knee, and then on his instep, so that he was quite lame. To-day I saw him after four days, and I said 'What did the Homoea do for you?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I am entirely cured, and not only that, but my wife has had a pain in her elbow, so that she could not bend it for a year, and it has cured that.' I also gave some to a woman with scurvy on her leg, and it is doing her good, so I want a box for each of them. It is the most wonderful stuff I ever came across."  
"CARRICK."

LADY VINCENT, 8, Ebury Street, London, says it is such an incomparable application for Rheumatic Neuralgia, that she wishes to have two more tins sent.

"Homoea" is sold by all Dealers at 1/1 and 2/9 per box, or will be sent on receipt of P.O. for 1/3 and 3/-, from the Agency, 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. (Hooper, Chemist, London Bridge, sells it.)



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INVALUABLE FOR BRONCHITIS, &c.  
For Children & Adults.

Price 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d.  
per Bottle. Sample  
size, 1s. Of all  
Chemists and  
Stores.



"63, Ridgmont Gardens,  
"Gower Street, W.C.,  
"Dec. 6, 1893.

"Dear Sir,—We have much  
pleasure in sending you photograph  
of our baby, Austin Guy Wrigley,  
aged eleven months, weighing 28 lbs.  
He has been brought up entirely on  
your Food, and is a strong, healthy boy.  
You can make use of photo, and my  
letter. "Yours truly,  
"MAUD WRIGLEY."

"149, Goldhawk Road,  
"Shepherd's Bush, London,  
"Feb. 7, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—I have enclosed photo of  
my child, Hector Yoxall, aged one  
year and six months, who was fed  
entirely on Mellin's Food, and he  
is decidedly the strongest and  
healthiest child of the family;  
and shall not fail to recom-  
mend your excellent Food.

"Yours truly,  
"I. YOXALL."

"7, Sandown Terrace,  
"Deal, Kent,  
"Oct. 30, 1893.

"Mr. Mellin.—"Dear Sir,—  
I send you a photo of my little  
boy, Lionel Vincent Barton, aged  
eighteen months, who has been  
brought up on your Food.

"My younger child is now being fed  
entirely with it, and we find the Food  
most satisfactory in every way.—Yours  
truly, "GEO. V. BARTON."

"88, Moncrieff Street, Peckham, S.E.  
"Jan. 11, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—The enclosed photo of my  
two-year-old son, Sidney McGavin Reid,  
is simply a packet of your valuable Food.  
We have used it constantly since it was  
recommended by our doctor, and the  
benefits derived have been marvellous.  
From a sickly child of six months  
old it has transformed him into  
one of the finest children in the  
neighbourhood. I am sure its  
value must assure it a world-  
wide reputation.

"Yours truly,  
"WM. MCGAVIN  
REID."



### TESTIMONIAL

FROM  
Her Imperial Majesty  
THE

Empress of Germany

TRANSLATION.

Berlin, April 14, 1893.

At Mr. Mellin's request it is hereby certified  
that his "Food" for Children has been used  
with the best results by the young Princes, sons of  
their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress.  
The Cabinet of Her Majesty the Empress and Queen.



The above Testimonials are only a selection from many Thousands received from grateful Mothers.

**MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.**



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1891), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1892), of Mr. Robert Heath, J.P., D.L., M.P. Stoke-upon-Trent 1874-80, of Biddulph Grange, Staffordshire, who died on Oct. 7, at Harrogate, was proved on Feb. 16 by Robert Heath, James Heath, and Arthur Howard Heath, the sons, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £320,000. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, £1000, and an annuity of £4000 to his wife, Mrs. Anne Heath; such one of his residences and such of his furniture and effects as she may select to his wife, for life; £42,000, in addition to £38,000 he has already settled upon her, upon trust, for his daughter Alice Jane Toynbee; £67,500, upon trust, for each of his daughters Anne and Florence Gertrude, in addition to the £12,500 he has already given to each of them; and £25,000, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Mary Heath Heffernan. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his four sons, Robert, James, Arthur Howard, and John Everard, in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Berwick, of the disposition and settlement (executed Sept. 8, 1890), of Mr. Henry John Allan, of Allanbank, Lauder, Berwickshire, and of the East India United Service Club, St. James's Square, who died on Dec. 31, granted to Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Lorn Campbell Money, the sole executor nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 12, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £92,000.

The will (dated April 19, 1888), with a codicil (dated Sept. 21, 1891), of Mr. Henry Russell Greg, of Lode Hill, Styal, Cheshire, cotton-spinner, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on Feb. 19 by Arthur Greg, the brother, Henry Philips Greg, the son, and Thomas Tylston Greg, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his jewellery, wines, household and consumable stores, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Emily

Greg; his furniture, plate, books, pictures, linen, glass, china, ornaments, and articles of vertu to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son, Henry Philips; £200 each to his executors, Mr. A. Greg and Mr. T. T. Greg; £100 each to his brothers, Robert Philips Greg and Edward Hyde Greg; £50 to his sister, Sophia Rathbone; a sum not exceeding £150 to be distributed among his servants and employes; £50 to be distributed among the poor or institutions of Styal; and £50 each for the maintenance and improvement of Norcliffe and Dean Row chapels. All his lands, tenements, rents, and hereditaments at Styal, subject during the life or widowhood of his wife to her having the use of the house at Lode Hill rent free, he gives to his said son; and he makes up the income of his wife with what she will derive under their marriage settlement and from other sources to £1500 per annum. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares, but certain advancements to them are to be brought into account in the division.

The will and codicil (both dated April 25, 1890) of Mr. Norman Cowley, of 4, Montagu Place, Montagu Square, who died on Dec. 26, were proved on Feb. 7 by Mrs. Marian Cowley, the widow, and Miss Ellen Gertrude Rosetta Cowley, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, plate, furniture, linen, china, glass, household goods and effects, and £500 to his wife; £105 each to Martha Hipwell and Mary Ann Hipwell; and a year's wages to each other servant in his service at his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to each of his daughters during the lifetime of his wife, and the remainder of the income to his wife for life or widowhood. Subject thereto, the residue is to be held, upon trust, for all his daughters equally.

The will (dated March 4, 1869), with five codicils (dated Nov. 10 and 26, 1878, Sept. 16, 1883, July 24, 1885, and April 25, 1888), of Mrs. Rachel Cohen, of 5, Clanricarde

Gardens, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Feb. 10 by Lewis Samuel Cohen and Ben Woolf Levy, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Jewish Synagogue, Maitland, New South Wales, and the Jewish Board of Guardians, London; £50 to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, Norwood; £25 each to the Jewish Institution for the relief of the Indigent Blind, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Burton Crescent) and the Jewish Society for the Relief of the Aged Needy; £25 to each grandson (on his attaining thirteen, for a watch) named Samuel or any Hebrew name equivalent to or representing the same; and many other bequests. The residue of her property she gives to her six children, but her daughter Charlotte is to have an additional sum of £2000 to be paid out of the shares of her four sons.

The Irish probate, sealed at Ballina, of the will (dated June 25, 1891), with two codicils (dated Aug. 12 and Oct. 27, 1892), of Sir Robert Lynch-Blosse, Bart., late of Athavallie, county Mayo, formerly of 27, Clifton Gardens, Folkestone, who died on Dec. 3, granted to Lord John Thomas Browne, Colonel Charles Howe Knox, and Captain Thomas Lynch-Blosse, the executors, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £37,000. The testator exercises various powers of appointment vested in him by his marriage settlement and a family settlement in favour of children. He bequeaths £600, all his plate and jewels, and such of his linen, china, furniture and effects at Athavallie as she may select, to his wife; the remainder of the indoor and outdoor effects (except hay and corn crops, live and dead stock, and other produce, which are to be sold and the proceeds to go with his residuary estate) to go and be used with the mansion house and demesne of Athavallie; his interest in 27, Clifton Gardens, and all chattels and effects there to his wife; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, to make up the income of his wife, with her jointure and the income

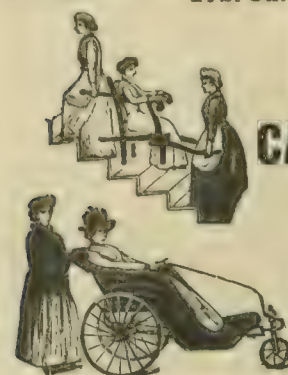
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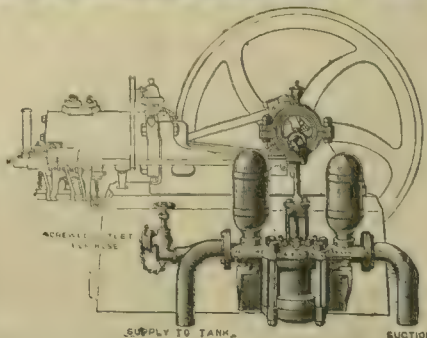
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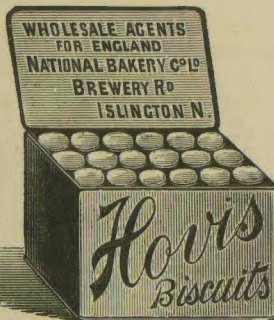
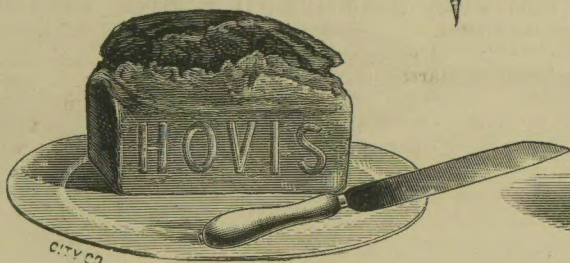
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nourishing than ordinary Meat Extract  
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The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

In the first days of March three representations of "Hulda," an unpublished opera by César Franck, to be performed by Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Mdlle. Signer, Messrs. Scaremberg and Favre.

The further programme announces, from March 10 to April 17, 1917, two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-Jéhin, Salêza, and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyila and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedech and Queyila; "Cio, Cioletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on March 17 to close, "L'Argoût," by "Le Pèlerin," by Mdlle. Elyan M. Queyila, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre will have been accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes ; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements ; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

## PLEASURE CRUISE

to the SOUTH OF SPAIN, SICILY, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.—THE ORIENT COMPANY'S Steam-ship CHIMBORAZO, 3847 tons register, 3000-horse power, will leave London on March 21 for a 47 days' cruise, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, PALERMO, PATRAS (for OLYMPIA), CORINTH, ÆGINA, PIRÆUS (for ATHENS), SMYRNA (for EPHESUS), CONSTANTINOPLE, SANTORIN, MALTA, ALGERS, GIBRALTAR.

The GAIKWNZEE, 3876 tons register, 3000-horse power, will leave London on April 24 for a SIX Weeks' Cruise to the MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, &c.

Electric Light, Hot and Cold Baths, First-class Cuisine.

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derived under their marriage settlement, to £1200 per annum, to pay during his wife's lifetime £200 per annum to his son Francis Lynch-Blosse, and the remainder of the income to his other younger children. On his wife's death he leaves £8000, upon trust, for his said son Francis, and makes up the fortune of each of his daughters to £10,000. The ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his children (except his son Francis) and their issue as his wife shall appoint.

The will (dated March 10, 1880) of Mr. William Bridge, formerly of 20, George Street, Cheetham Hill, near Manchester, and late of Cheadle, Cheshire, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Feb. 10 by Henry Bridge, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his three children, Henry, Fanny, and Emma.

The will of Dr. Charles Vaughan Grinfield, late of 5, Ellenborough Park, Weston-super-Mare, has recently been proved by his widow and Mr. John Mounteney Lely,

the executors, the personal estate amounting to over £16,000.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1883) of Mr. Vincent Thomas Eyre, formerly of 34, Beaufort Gardens, and late of Lindley Hall, Nuneaton, Leicestershire, and of Bute Court, Torquay, who died on Sept. 26, was proved on Feb. 13 by Mrs. Barbara Agnes Caroline Eyre, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever, and of what kind soever, whether real or personal, to his wife for her use and benefit, feeling sure she will, in the exercise of the best discretion, use it for the benefit of herself and their children.

Two great fires took place on Sunday, Feb. 27, among the South London warehouses on the banks of the Thames, destroying a large amount of property in buildings and merchandise. The first was at Rotherhithe, in Messrs. Bellamy and Co.'s granaries at the King and Queen Steam

Shipping Wharf, where five blocks of buildings, each eight storeys high and 170 ft. long, surround a private dock. One block, with its contents, was consumed, and the party wall of the next block fell in, pouring vast quantities of corn into the central dock, or into the river. The other fire was at the rice-mills of Messrs. Carbutt and Co., Shad Thames, Bermondsey, where a thousand bags of rice, and some valuable machinery, were destroyed.

Even in an age of "nutshell literature," the production of such a complete little work as Messrs. John Walker's "Miniature Atlas and Gazetteer of the World" is worthy of remark. We are not always able to follow Lord Salisbury's advice, and "study big maps"; but the possession of this tiny volume, which contains 128 pages of beautifully printed maps, cannot fail to be advantageous and useful. There is also a gazetteer of 160 pages, and population statistics. It would be difficult to compress more valuable matter into so small a compass than has been achieved in this handy book, which is edited by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew.

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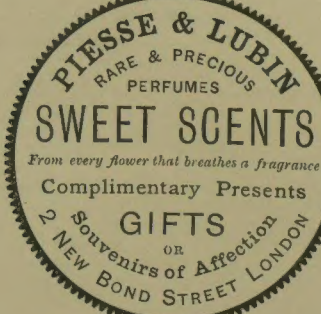
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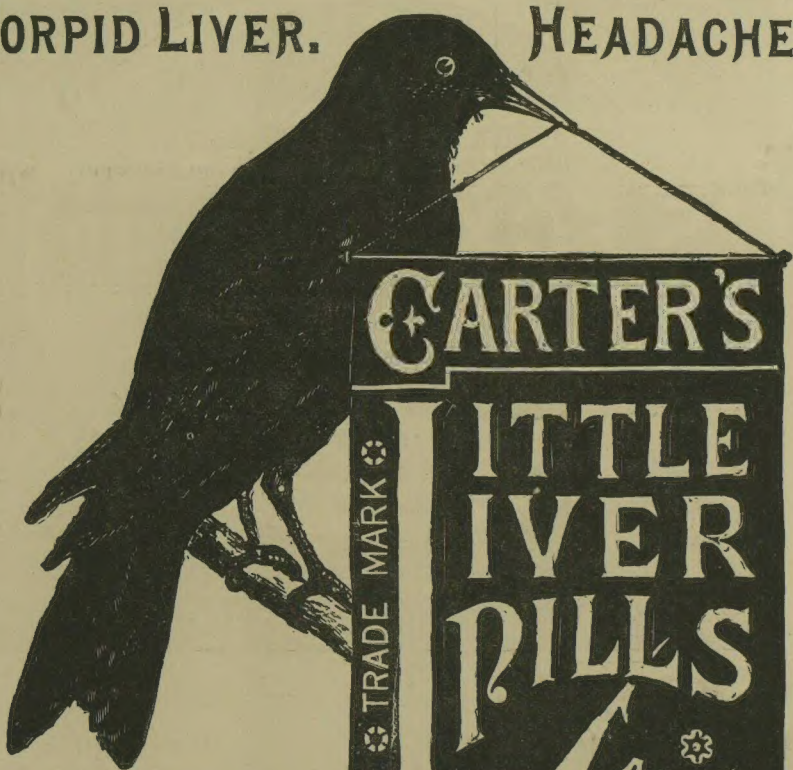
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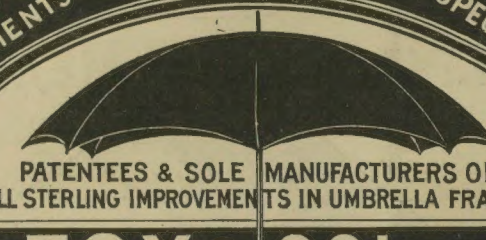
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